THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVIII.—No. 1398]

OCTOBER 1, 1930

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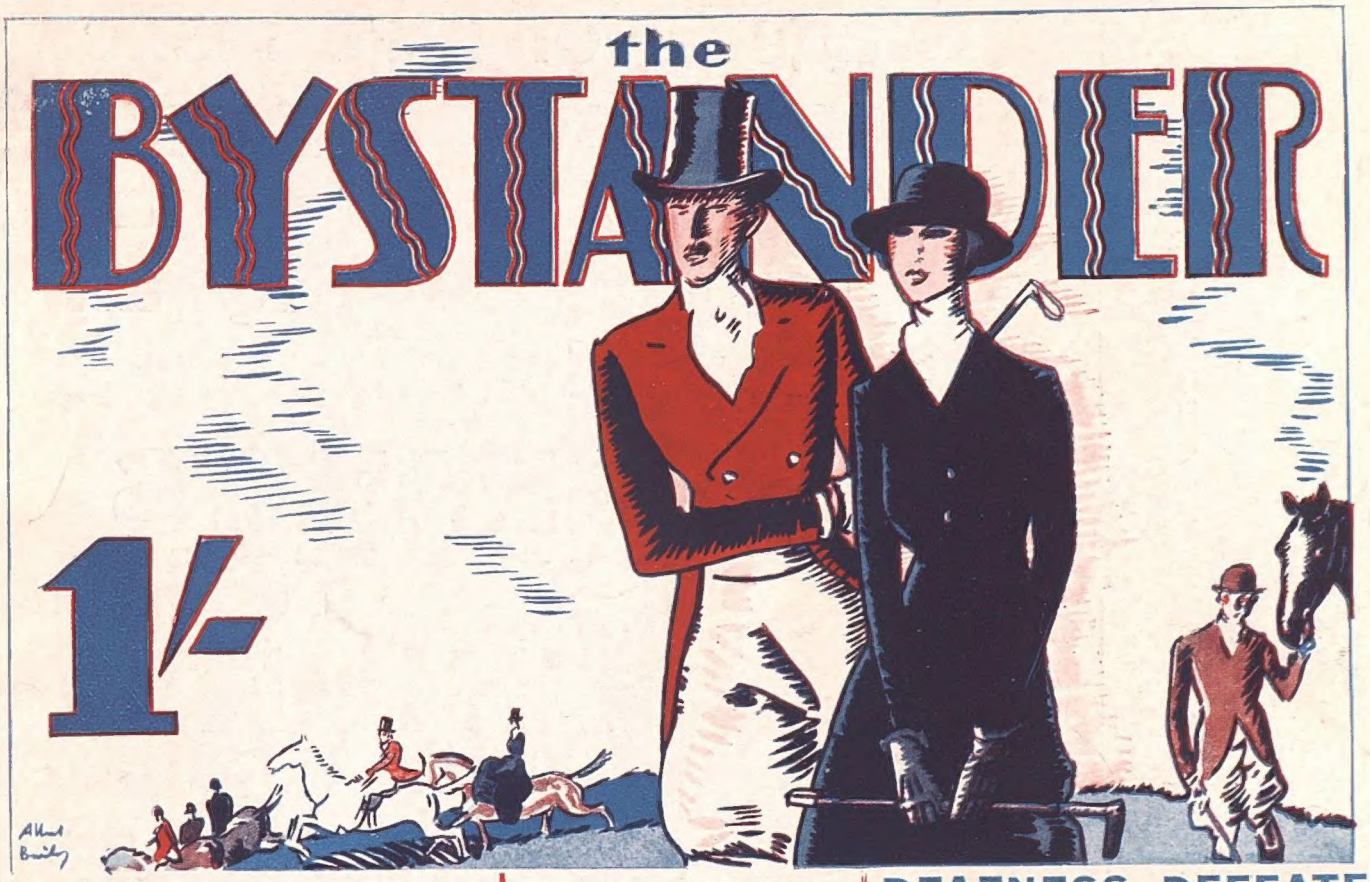

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The Bystander, October 1, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1398. Vol. CVIII

From the portrait by GEORGE WHITELAW

BEATRICE LILLIE

The bright particular star of "Charlot's Masquerade" at the new Cambridge Theatre in Seven Dials. She is making her first appearance in England since her very successful visit to America, where she is most popular

Off with its Head!

cried the Queen

"NONSENSE!" cried Alice, "Guinness keeps its head!"

"Yes," murmured the King, and continued dreamily, "It is the sign of the finest Barley, Malt and Hops blended in a perfect brew. That characteristic creamy foam appears as if by magic and lingers like — like — "

"The grin of the Cheshire Cat!" said Alice.

"That's right!" roared the Queen. "Come and play croquet. Guinness builds strong muscles for sport!" And Alice heard her telling everyone "Guinness keeps its Head!" But the Executioner made away with the Guinness—head and all.

GUINNESS

KEEPS ITS HEAD

Miss Mary Holmden, the only daughter of Sir Osborn and Lady Holmden, whose engagement has been announced to Flight-Lieut. S. D. Macdonald, D.F.C., R.A.F., the eldest son of the late Dr. David Macdonald and of Mrs. Macdonald, of Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire. She is seen above enjoying a day's grouse shooting

The Passing Hour

THE high peak of last week was undoubtedly reached on Wednesday with the opening night of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* at the Phœnix Theatre. It was a brilliant audience, and ushered in the Little Season with visions of the new autumn frocks, and many familiar faces that had not been seen in London since the end of July. Mayfair is very like a public school: almost everyone knows everyone else, even if they live in different houses, and the holidays begin or the term ends almost simultaneously for everyone.

Back in Town

ONE or two people like Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Sefton, Lord Plunket, and others, have been back for some time, but others like Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Lady Brownlow, Lady Curzon, Mr. Willie Rhinelander Stewart, and so on, were making their first appearances, at least as far as I was concerned. That night both the Embassy and the Café de Paris were as crowded as if it were the middle week of May, and the social columnists were there by the half-dozen.

Traffic Difficulties

TO revert to *Private Lives*, the Phœnix Theatre, beautiful as it is, has the distinct drawback of being difficult of access from the point of view of traffic. Being in the Charing Cross Road, you can only approach it from the north by way of the crowded St. Giles' Circus, or from the south and west by way of Cambridge Circus and Piccadilly Circus. As one of the entrances, too, ends in a cul-de-sac, the hailing of taxis is no easy matter.

Topical

OUR SHORN POLITICAL SAMSON

Mr. Lloyd George speaking at an outdoor political meeting in Suffolk. The short cut his hair had experienced created a big sensation

Sport and General

Hay Wrightson

MISS GWENDOLEN MacRAE

The daughter of Major Colin and Lady Margaret MacRae, of Feoirlinn, who will be one of the ten bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart and Viscount Tiverton to-day (Wednesday) at the Palace Chapel, Falkland, Fife

In addition to the usual features, next week's "Bystander" will contain a special article on Egypt and the latest 'Varsity news from Oxford and Cambridge.

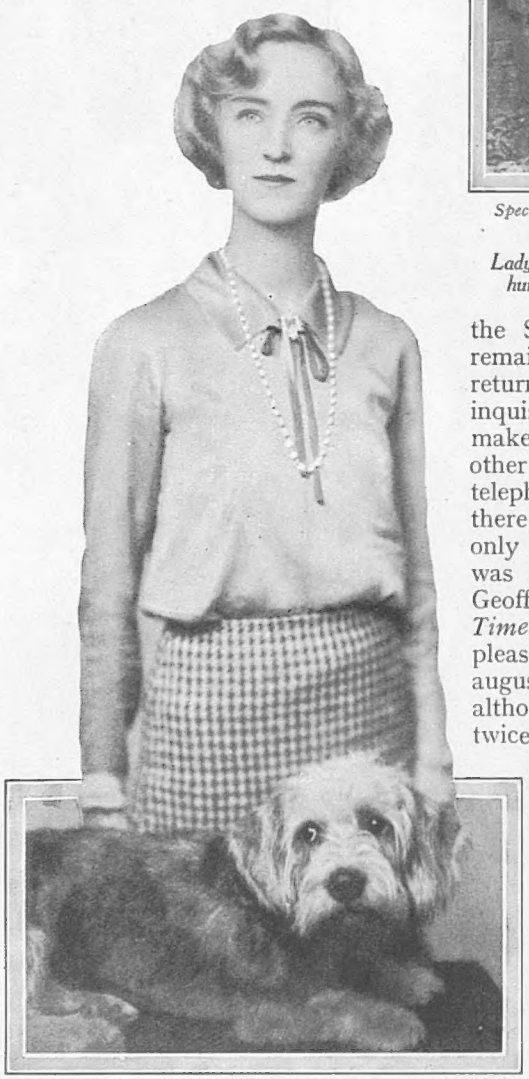
WHEN "THE THUNDERER" IS CAUGHT NAPPING

Too Much Ventilation

THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY, who designed the interior decorations of the Phœnix Theatre, describes in a preface to the programme how he listened with respectful awe to the fact that eighty tons of fresh air were to be admitted every hour. The first night audience quickly discovered this was true, and I would like to suggest to Mr. Cochran that perhaps forty tons of fresh air would be really quite enough in the future. Not every audience will have such comforting furs as those worn by the people at the first night.

Caught Napping

ONE of the comedies of the past few days was the appearance of Harry Craddock, the barman of the Savoy Hotel, in the Court and Society column of *The Times*, where notice—at the usual rates—was inserted that "Mr. Harry Craddock had returned from Parknasilla, County Kerry, to the Savoy Hotel, where he will remain a considerable time before returning to New York." One inquisitive fellow, anxious to make sure that there was no other Mr. Craddock at the hotel, telephoned to the inquiry bureau there, and was informed that the only Mr. Craddock at the Savoy was in the American bar. Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times*, is, I gather, a trifle displeased. It is not often that this august paper is caught napping, although it *has* occurred once or twice in the past five years, but it is obviously impossible to know all about everyone.



MISS JUDITH HURT *Lenare*

The eldest daughter of Commander H. A. le Fowne Hurt, R.N., and Mrs. Hurt, of Langholm, Dumfriesshire. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Patrick Arthur Tritton

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *By L.N.A.*

AT LADY ERLEIGH'S FARM DOOR

Lady Erleigh with her three children, Joan (left), Michael and Elizabeth, at the door of Great Broadhurst. Photographs of this delightful old farm, now converted to a summer residence, are on page 16

An Invalid

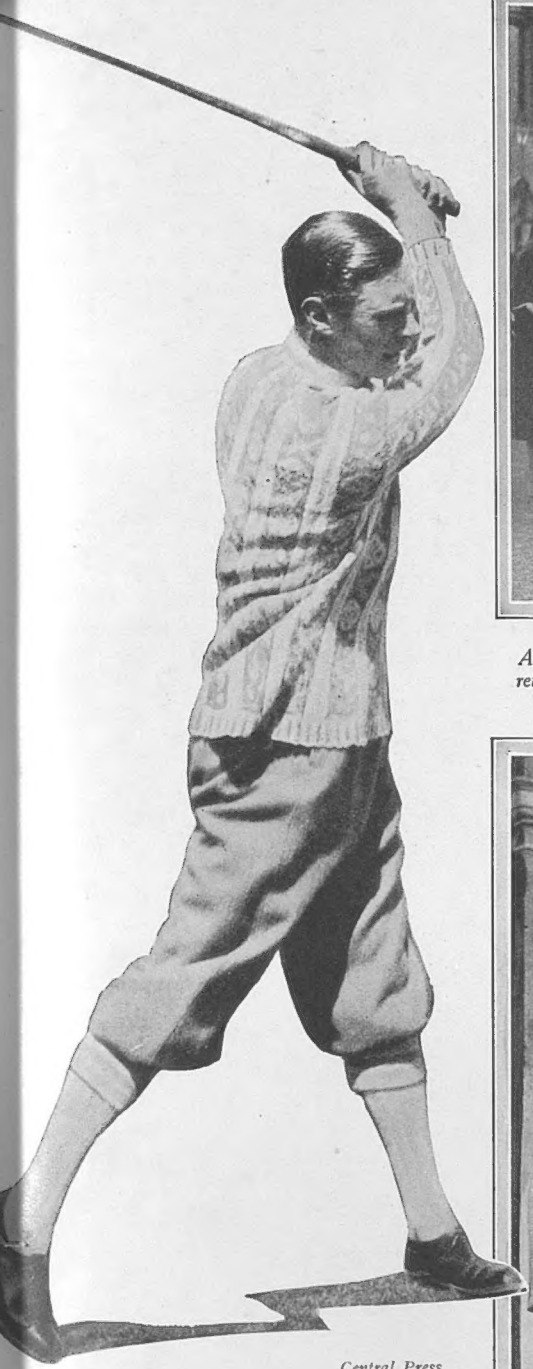
ANOTHER Harry, poor Harry Preston, is lying in a London nursing-home. He is none too well, his countless friends will regret to hear. Well, Harry has cheated the doctors and fooled the life insurance people for forty years, and he will do it again. One of the leading insurance companies refused to insure him more than forty years ago. They said he had a weak heart. Ten years ago he went to a leading

Janet Jevons

MISS PAMELA VESEY-FITZGERALD

The only daughter of Mr. J. F. Vesey-Fitzgerald and the late Mrs. J. F. Vesey-Fitzgerald, who is to marry Mr. J. P Mills, of the Indian Civil Service. Her fiancé is the younger son of the late Mr. James Mills, formerly of Bradbury Hall, Stockport

THE DUKE DRIVES A 200 YARDS' "SCREAMER"



Central Press

The Duke of York playing himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews before 500 spectators. He rose nobly to the occasion, making a lovely straight drive of over 200 yards. He was the first Captain to use a steel-shafted club on this occasion

Sport and General

Andrew Kirkaldy, the veteran professional at St. Andrews, has a guid quip wi' the caddie, who retrieved the ball with which the Duke of York played himself in as Captain. It was Andra, ye ken, who teed oop the ba'

Photopress

A prood man is Andrew Kirkaldy the day! Here he is all dolled up and ready to place the wee bit ba' on the first tee for the Duke of York, with whom he is seen

heart specialist, and it was pronounced as sound as a bell.

Boxing and Charity

MANY people have considered in the past that he has fully deserved a knighthood, both for his efforts in making the national sport of boxing as fashionable to watch as it was in the days of the Corinthians, and for what he has done for the Royal Sussex County Hospital. Harry Preston is unique. Small, genial, bald, short-sighted, dapper, humorous, hospitable, warm-hearted, he is always the object of amazement, amusement, and devotion among his many friends.

A Difficult Choice

IT is always easy to choose a wedding present for a young couple who are going to set up house for the first time after marriage. Anything from a lamp to a dustbin is useful, though lamps, silver salvers and coffee sets have a sad habit of being duplicated ad infinitum if you have a large number of friends. In the case of Lord Waterford, who is to be married to Miss Lindsay next month, a choice of present is not so easy. Curraghmore, Lord Waterford's home in Ireland, is a lovely house full of lovely furniture, in which he has lived for a long time and will continue to reside. For he succeeded his father in 1911, at the age of ten.

THE PROBLEM OF THE WEDDING GIFT

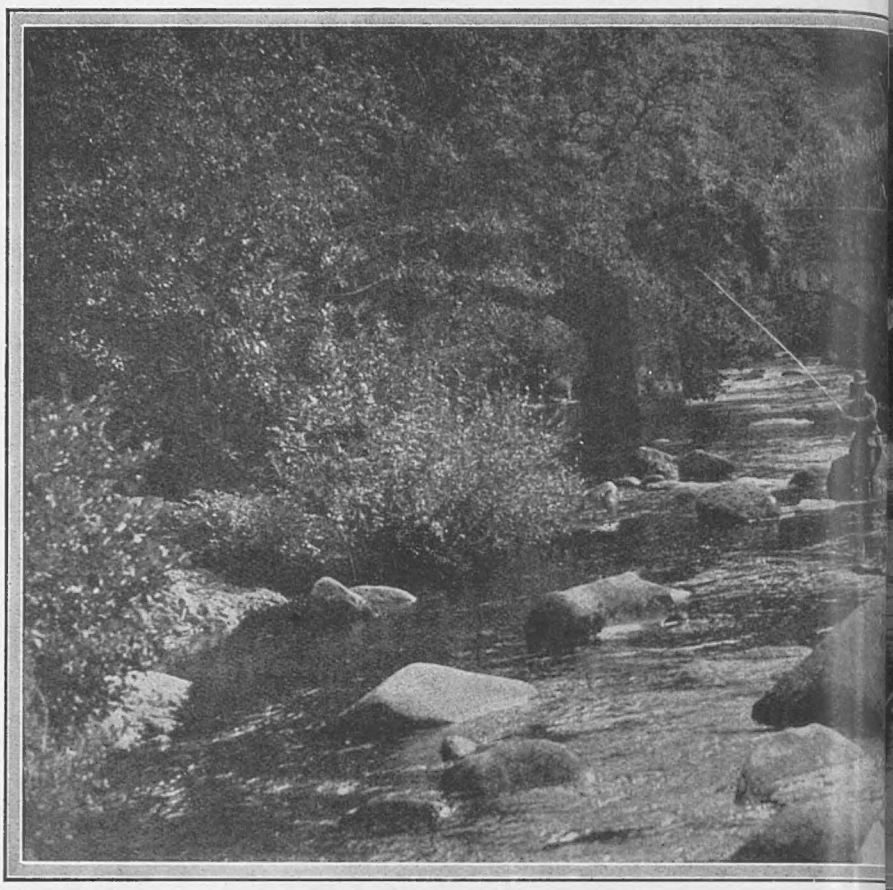
Ask First!

WHAT kind of present is most acceptable on occasions like this? It is really rather hard to say. Shooting sticks? Fountain pens? A case of wine? Books? The only thing to do really is to ask the bridegroom. But, then, it is difficult for him to specify what he would like, because he may not know how much the present is to cost. The problems attached to getting married are not by any means as simple as one might suppose.

Sport and General

THE VICTORIOUS LEADER OF YOUNG GERMANY

Herr Adolf Hitler, the leader of the National Socialists, which won many victories in the recent elections in Germany, increasing the number of their seats to 109, nearly nine times the number held by the party in the Parliament which was dissolved last July. Herr Hitler's recent outburst in the Supreme Court at Leipzig, when he prophesied that soon "heads will roll in the sand," stamp him as an extremist "firebrand"

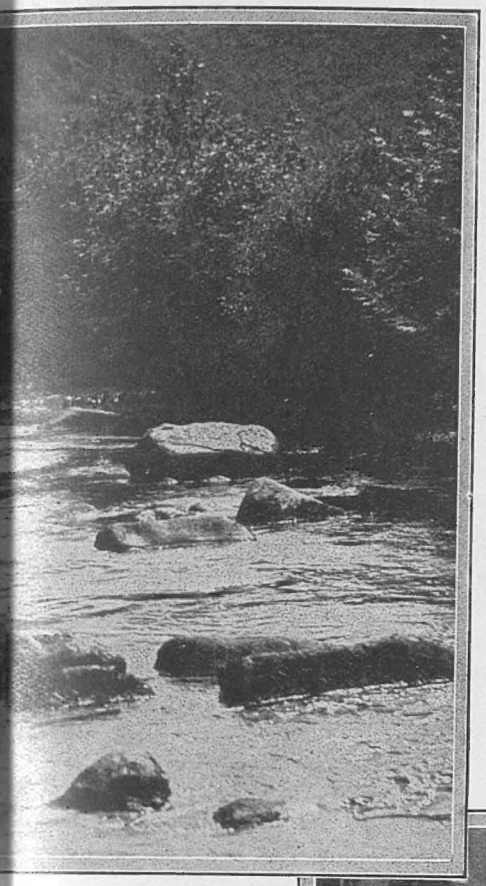


An ardent angler finds a precarious perch in mid-stream whilst fly-fishing at Fingle Bridge, in Devonshire. The recent heavy rains swelled the rivers and streams very considerably

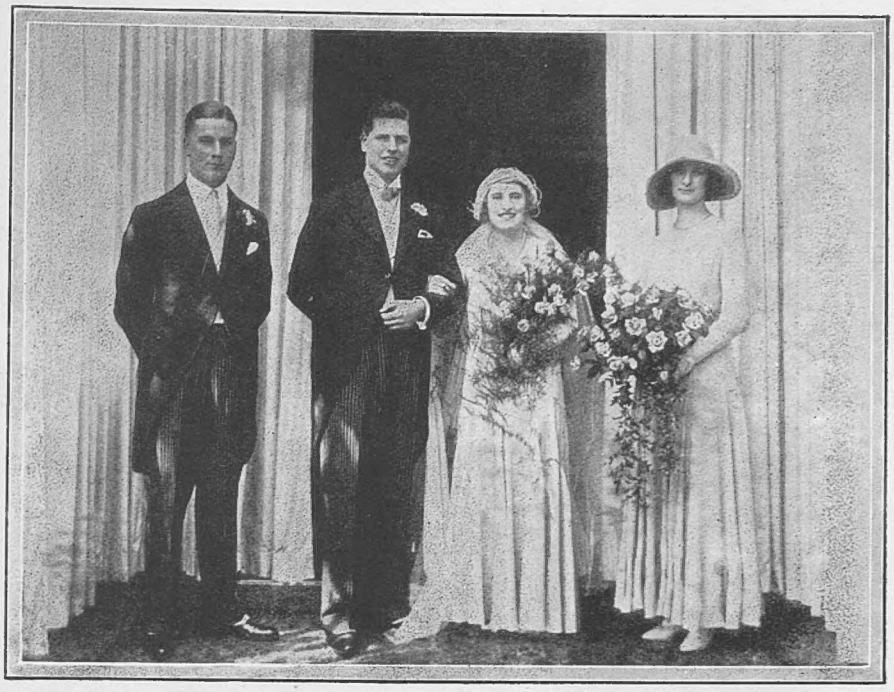
Lenare

The six little children who attended the bride at the wedding between Mr. Edward Hoos and the Hon. Sarah Cust at Holy Trinity, Brompton. They are Robert Byng, Roderick Milward, Jemima Cust, Rachel Storrs, Sybil Greenish and Twink Bennett

TWO INTERESTING WEDDINGS



Topical



Vandyk

Mr. G. Coldham Knight, of Baldhornes' Park, Rusper, and Stricklands, Stowmarket, and his bride, Miss Marjorie Sybil Ellison. They are seen with a bridesmaid and the best man after their wedding at All Souls', Langham Place

Lenare

Mr. E. Hoos, of the Hague, Holland, and his bride, the Hon. Sarah Cust, the daughter of the late Lord Brownlow and of Maud, Lady Brownlow, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. They are seen with the best man, Mr. H. R. Bowlby, and five of the six little bridal attendants

The Best in London

TO-NIGHT (Wednesday) marks the first anniversary of Quaglino's restaurant in Bury Street, St. James's, and a suitable reminder of the fact will be given in the form of a gala dinner. This restaurant is one of the three most fashionable in London, though it is queer to recall how it is entirely built on what was previously a backyard. A place like Quaglino's is as much an attraction for foreigners as the Tower of London. All London needs now is as many smart restaurants as Paris. It already leads the way in smart theatres. It has the best shows now running of any city in the world. It has the best shops and the most beautiful motor cars.

Still Popular

OBERAMMERGAU has had a wonderful season this year. The passion plays ended on October 1, but not before Lord and Lady Louth were able to get there in time to see one of the last performances. People who went this year for the first time tell me that it is almost eerie seeing New Testament characters performing the most menial jobs during the morning before appearing in the Passion play at night.

Saving Saxpences

CONVERSATION turned the other night on the meanest people in London. By mutual consent the names of two fabulously rich young men, known to almost everyone, were mentioned as having both achieved climaxes of stinginess. One was found to have smuggled mineral water into Switzerland in order not to pay the duty at the customs and to avoid paying the hotel prices for it on arrival. The other advised an acquaintance never to carry a stick

CHEERFUL SCOTTISH LAIRDS AND LADIES

Ian Smith

Colonel Donald Walter Cameron, of Lochiel, C.M.G., and Lady Hermione Cameron with their children. They are seen at the Northern Meeting at Inverness

Alfieri

Lieut.-Colonel E. Brassey, Miss Brassey and Mr. R. Middleton. They are seen at the Perth Hunt Meeting, which took place last week.

Topical

Lord Lovat (left) and Mr. Calder enjoying a joke together at the Northern Meeting at Inverness. The attendance this year for this popular event was as great as ever

or an umbrella when he entered a restaurant, and always to park his hat under his seat. "It is a little uncomfortable at first, I admit," said this young millionaire, "but it saves you sixpence every time." I offer no prizes at all for his identification.

Those Necessities

THE *Daily Express* has lately told us that the £, as compared with last year, has now a purchasing power of 26s., and gives examples in a domestic budget of the fall in prices, which includes such varied edibles as grouse and Californian plums—shade of Empire Free Trade!

But surely our lively contemporary in its effort to prove its case has omitted many items which, at all events, I consider necessities of life. Where does 26s. for 20s. come in when buying the following articles, the pre-War prices of which are put in brackets: Bottled beer, 7s. 6d. a dozen (2s. 6d.); whisky, 12s. 6d. (3s. 6d.); gin, 12s. (3s.); cigarettes, 5s. 10d. a hundred (3s.); tobacco, 1s. an ounce (4½d.); oysters, 6s. 6d. a dozen (2s. 6d.); novels, 7s. 6d. (4s. 6d.), and, last but not least, park chairs, 2d. (1d.). How does that express it?

In Scotland

THE PRINCE OF WALES' appearance in a Rothesay tartan has certainly caused excitement in Scotland. He is, in fact, entitled to four others, those of Royal Stewart, Balmoral, Prince Edward and Prince David. The Duke of Rothesay tartan has not been worn, I gather, for about sixty years—since King Edward was a boy. Not being Scottish, I do not pretend to know many tartans, but it would be very interesting to know which the readers of THE BYSTANDER consider to be the most attractive. Some are uncommonly ugly. Personally, I think the Crawford tartan is the most becoming, with the Stewart hunting tartan as the runner-up.

Dating the Infant

IN the last few days any number of parents have been able at last to choose the names for their infant daughters. Several clergymen found that parishioners were waiting to see what the Duchess

PERSONALITIES AT PERTH AND INVERNESS

A cheerful party at the Inverness Gathering. The group includes Mr. George Ross, of Cromarty (left), Mr. Ian Hilleary, Mrs. Hilleary, Miss Hilleary and Miss Hennessy

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie and Lord Tarbat at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases at Scone Park last week. They are the only daughter and elder son of the Countess of Cromartie

of York's baby would be called in order that they should follow the Royal example. This patriotism is very much to be commended. On the other hand, of course, it is very much inclined to date the child exactly for the rest of its life, a point that, when she is forty or fifty, she may not be so pleased about.

Quaint Christian Names

THIS habit of naming children after Royalty in the past has often led to naming them after current events or great personages of the day who are not royal. "Mafeking" Jones, or "Zeebrugge" Smith, or "Douglas Haig" Robinson, or "Jellicoe" Halliday—like a drummer-boy in the Coldstream Guards—are by no means uncommon names. There is, I am told, even an "Arras" Brown.

Not Strong in History.

WHICH reminds me of a true story concerning Lord Beattie's former chauffeur, who, when touring the battlefields of France with his present employer last month, heard her say, "Cressy and Agincourt are only about five miles away from here." To which he replied, in puzzled fashion, "Cressy? Agincourt? I can't somehow remember them at all, madam. Were they in 1915 or 1916?"

The Master of Lovat, Lord Lovat's elder son and heir, at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases. He is seen with Miss Drummond Moray

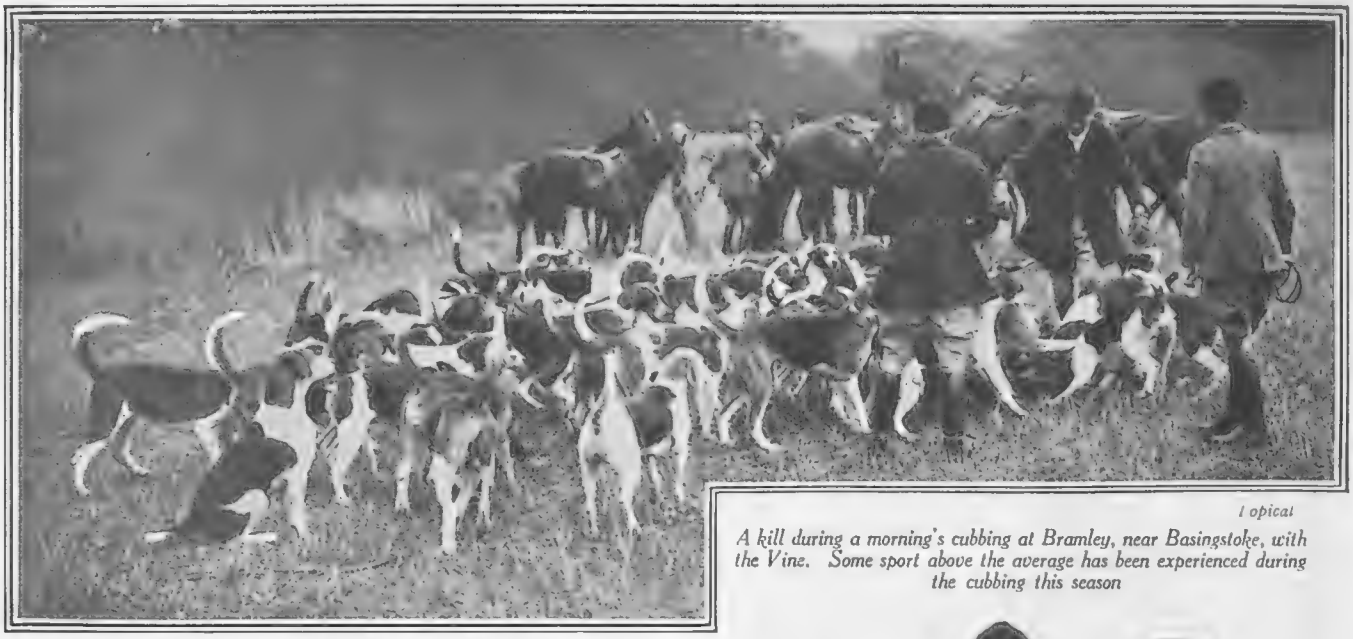
A Good Choice

THE opening of the Imperial Conference yesterday is just about the most momentous event in the life of the British Empire that it is possible to imagine. It is fortunate indeed that J. H. Thomas was seconded to the job from the Ministry of

Photographs *Sport and General*

Two more visitors to the Perth Hunt Steeplechases at Scone Park. They are Lady Fiona Pratt and Mr. Andrew Drummond Moray

A CESAREWITCH - CAMBRIDGESHIRE DOUBLE



Topical

A kill during a morning's cubbing at Bramley, near Basingstoke, with the Vine. Some sport above the average has been experienced during the cubbing this season

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I am not going to suggest a number of "Doubles" for the Big Autumn Handicaps. I shall be content with one wager and advise readers to do likewise. My two horses are—

BROWN JACK for the Cesarewitch.

LORD BILL for the Cambridgeshire.

Horses I have named in this column recently keep popping up at nice prices. To those already named and have not run add these half dozen.

MOTS D'OR FILLY should recover the York losses when running over five furlongs. She is a smart juvenile and has been consistent, having recorded two victories before, being beaten by Lampeto at Doncaster.

SAUGOR baulked, cut off and finally shut in, found all the ill luck that was going at York, otherwise he would have landed a gamble amounting to almost £4,000. Bearing in mind his easy victory over a mile at Ripon I shall confidently support him for future races.

BEAU SEANT, regarded as one of the most improved horses in training, was favourably handicapped at Ayr but could not perform to advantage in the soft going. Was the medium of an extensive commission and should be followed.

WALLOON ran gamely to finish second to Tabennite, beautifully ridden by F. Fox, at Gatwick. Was backed with confidence, and losses incurred over him will soon be recovered.

DUTCH GOLD was backed down from 20 to 1 to 8 to 1 at Gatwick, but the gelding never got in a fighting position. Will win a similar event. Finished fourth over a mile.

BOY BACHELOR, though beaten at York, left a good impression. Found one too smart in Lone Isle. Big wagers were lost, but he will win a sprint race in the near future.

Unemployment. And no one who knows him can deny that "Jimmy" Thomas has a way with him. He knows how to get on better with strangers, or comparative strangers, than any other member of the Government, and it is the personal contact rather than the official pourparlers that make the difference on these occasions.

Mrs. Noel Francis

IN our issue of June 11 last we published a photograph which we described as being of Mrs. Humphrey Butler. We are informed that this description is incorrect, and that the photograph is of Mrs. Noel Francis. We wish to express our deep regret for this misdescription and for any annoyance and inconvenience caused thereby.

Vyvyan Poole

Lord Altamont, who has joined Mr. Bowes Daly in the Mastership of the Galway Blazers this season. He is the heir of the Marquess of Sligo

Vyvyan Poole

Sir Francis and Lady Brooke at a meet of the "Killing Kildares." Sir Francis is Joint-Master of this famous pack, which he hunts with Major C. Mitchell, D.S.O.

FEATURES IN OUR HUNTING NUMBER

Page 11: Photographs of Masters of some Prominent Hunts.

Pages 39, 41, 43, 45 and 46: "Hunting Prospects," discussed by 'Bridle" and illustrated with many photographs of Masters and Meets.

Pages i to iv inclusive: Special review, fully illustrated, of the latest fashions for the hunting field.

A Supplement containing a full and up-to-date Hunting List, giving names of Masters, number of Couples of Hounds, and Hunting Days of all the Foxhounds in Great Britain.

SOME LEADING MASTERS

L.N.A.

Prince Henry with Mr. W. J. Baird, who hunts the Cottesmore. He assumed Mastership of this famous pack, which hunts in Leicestershire and Rutland, in 1921

L.N.A.

Mr. Peter Ackroyd and Mr. Charles Tonge, the Joint-Masters of the Belvoir. This is one of the oldest hunts in the country, dating from the year 1750

The Marquess of Titchfield, who hunts the Rufford with Mr. R. W. Kaye and Lieut.-Colonel A. Isaac. The kennels are at Wellow, Newark.

L.N.A.

The Duke of Beaufort at a meet of his foxhounds at the Greville Monument, near Bath. The pack of 75 couples is hunted by the Duke and Mr. C. H. Cox in joint Mastership.

L.N.A.

Major A. E. Burnaby, Joint-Master of the Quorn, and Sir Julien Cahn, who hunts the Burton with James Todd, one of the finest fox preservers in the Burton country

AT THE PLAY

"FREDERICA," AT THE PALACE THEATRE

In full song, Johann Wolfgang Goethe (Joseph Hislop) delivers notes to Frederica, the lady of his choice, daughter of the Pastor of Sesenheim

THIS first Act is very amusing. Jack Hulbert is as alert and entertaining as ever in a variety of ways. When, in order to keep closely in touch with his inamorata, he secures the position of chucker-out (bouncer in the American tongue), and in clothes made for one broader but less elongated, his first step—apart from his dancing—is to throw out a gentleman who, for love of the bright eyes of a cabaret singer, is the financial support of the show. One of many delectable incidents which follow each other very closely.

THE plot is thickened by the supposed death of this magnate at the clumsy hands of the conjurer, who inherits a baronetcy and arrives in England, home and beauty in Act II, when a bit of blackmail on the part of the cabaret manager carries the story along with quite sufficient matter for musical comedy.

WITH further songs, dances, amusing business, and Jack Hulbert always a host in himself, *Follow a Star* provides a first-rate show "on its own," but in addition to this we have Sophie Tucker, and at about five minutes past eleven pip emma, just before the curtain *should* ring down,

Magdalena (Florence Vie), wife of Johann Jacob Brion (Leonard Russell), Pastor of Sesenheim, adopting an attitude hardly in keeping with the wife of a clergyman

SINGERS—CA

By Verne

"Follow a Star," at the Winter Garden Theatre

IN the new musical comedy *Follow a Star* at the Winter Garden Theatre, the job of the authors, Douglas Furber and Dion Titheradge, was evidently to write a libretto to fit the personalities of Jack Hulbert and Sophie Tucker, and I am not sure that the order should not be reversed.

SOPHIE TUCKER, being far, far more of a cabaret star than an actress, the location of Act I has been placed in God's own country—which is also Sophie's—at a cabaret financially broke. Sophie Tucker is, of course, a cabaret singer who is blest or cursed with a husband—common but of ancient lineage—whom she insists upon appearing in the bill although he is the world's worst conjurer.

THUS a part ready made is provided for the very substantial star and, incidentally, another for A. W. Baskcomb, who, with the authors' kind assistance, is exceedingly funny. It was also necessary to find a character to fit Jack Hulbert, and he appears as a young man in love with the cabaret singer's step-daughter.

Salomea (Vera Lennox), also a daughter of the Pastor, tripping it lightly, but unecclesiastically, with Jacob Michael Lenz (Roddy Hughes), a theological student

ET & OPERATIC

Woodhouse

Frederick Leopold Weyland (William Kendall) in an attitude of haughty pride

SKETCHES OF "FREDERICA," AT THE PALACE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Frederica (Lea Seidl), the heroine, also in full song, doing full justice to Franz Lehar's score

Sophie starts to warble in her own inimitable way—at least I hope it is inimitable.

I AM afraid that I am in a minority of little more than one when I say that this cabaret singer does not appeal to me. Sophie Tucker is called a singer, but so little does she stick to the melody that it seems to me to be really waste of energy for any song to be composed for her. All her lyrics are written by Jack Yellen—the singer acts up to the phonetics of the verse-writer's surname—and make up in vulgarity what they lack in wit. If Sophie Tucker's method has been forced upon her by attempting to drown the noise of waiters handling plates at supper there is something to be said for it, but cabaret is not theatre, and I should have enjoyed my evening more had those songs been completely cut out of the programme.

SOMEWHAT stunned, I left the theatre recalling with pleasure, in addition to the work of A. W. Baskcomb and Jack Hulbert, the appealing performance of Betty Davies as the step-daughter; the assurance of Irene Russell, a cabaret singer; the authority of Alfred Drayton, the blackmailer; the nimble feet of Claude Hulbert; the speciality dancing of Alma Mackay and Frederick Carpenter; the wholly admirable chorus evolutions, and, at least, a couple of catchy tunes composed by Vivian Ellis.

THIS surfeit of Sophie is, as I say, placed late in the programme, and if there is any poor mutt who, like myself, is unable to appreciate genius when he sees it, he can still spend a most enjoyable evening at the Winter Garden and yet be home before midnight.

"The Far Off Hills," at the Criterion Theatre

MR. LENNOX ROBINSON, author of *The Far Off Hills*, in a speech he made on the first night at the Criterion, stated that he wrote this play in order to dispel the gloom in which the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, had been plunged for two years. Whether he accomplished his purpose there I do not know, but assuredly he has brought laughter to London.

THIS farcical study of Irish life may not be particularly new; the construction may, on occasions, be careless, and one of the characters executes an unexpected volte-face in order to secure a satisfactory ending. Many will indeed say with truth that *The Far Off Hills* is not a good play, but it is very, very funny, and, personally, I would far rather be entertained by a bad play than bored by a better one.

PALPABLY the cast enjoy the chance of raising constant laughter, which they do without ever once descending to clowning. There are clever character studies by Fred O'Donovan, J. A. O'Rourke, Harry Hutchinson, E. J. Kennedy, Tony Quinn and Una O'Connor. Two children are amusingly pictured by Joyce Chancellor and Helena Pickard, the latter English by birth, though you would never guess it. Cathleen Drago gets any amount of fun from the part of a buxom widow, while Natalie Moya in a very difficult rôle acts with both cleverness and charm.

"Frederica," at the Palace Theatre

THE illustrations this week are of *Frederica*, which has caught on and is a big success. This does not surprise me, for the reason that there is a very big music-loving public in London as distinct from the common or garden—but not Covent Garden—theatregoer, and with such operatic artists as Joseph Hislop and Lea Seidl in the bill singing Lehar's music, this combination is indeed a treat for those musically inclined.

V. W.

THE LITERARY SHOW

TRADING IN LITERARY SHRINES

By J. A. Hammerton

A photograph of Sir James Barrie at the age of eight

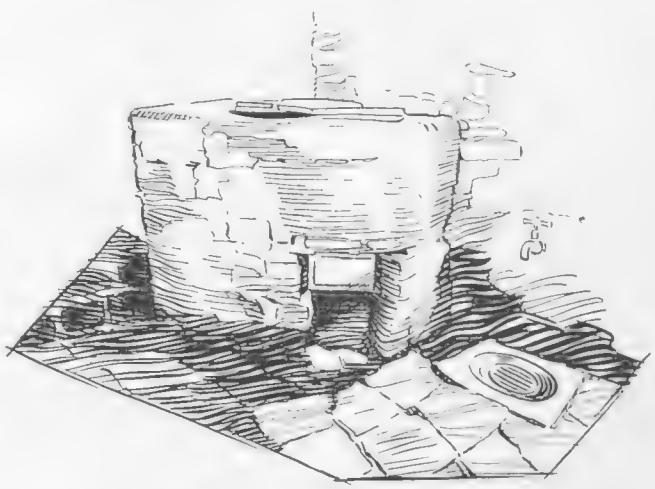
IT came as something of a shock to me the other day to discover that Sir James Barrie's birthplace at Kirriemuir, and the tiny wash-house which stands a few yards from its door, were to be offered for sale to the highest bidder by an Edinburgh estate agency. My surprise was accountable to the fact that in November, 1928, a certain Major Lauder acquired some brief publicity from having purchased these properties with the praiseworthy intention of preserving them for the nation. I had not heard of this Major Lauder before. He may possess those jocular gifts one is apt to associate with the name; but I did not then attribute any sense of humour to him, as he threatened to have the old wash-house removed stone by stone and re-erected in Kensington Gardens! What an appalling prospect! What a triumph of the inapposite—had it been possible of achievement!

THE tiny little wash-house (I've been in it when the tenant was "wringin' oot the claes," and there was barely room for the two of us) was to be brought to London simply because Sir James Barrie had chosen—some sixty years after he had forgotten all about it—to identify in its lowly interior the stage (its copper-lid) on which he made his first appearance as an actor, and to discover in its outward form the veritable model of the house made by the Lost Boys for Wendy. This association of the wash-house and Peter Pan, as anybody acquainted with Barrie's adroitness in fantasy must know, is a notion that came into the dramatist's head not one day, possibly not one hour, before he wrote that charming Preface to the final edition of *Peter Pan* issued last year.

WHAT a wizard this Barrie is! Years ago, by telling the world that he liked a certain brand of tobacco, he made a fortune for a shrewd tobacconist—a fortune that has since swollen into millions. And by this fanciful allusion to a mean little wash-house as the origin of Wendy's home in the Never-Never-land, behold a valueless handful of harled sandstone instantly transformed into a structure of semi-precious stones! The capacity of the public for having its leg pulled is without limit. The more that Barrie pulls it the better it seems to like it. Indeed, this Lauder business would have been entirely amusing if it could have developed on the comic lines originally foreshadowed, but something seems to have gone wrong with the joke.

"A WINDOW IN THRUMS"

The cottage in Kirriemuir in which Barrie was born. This little dwelling in Brechin Road is immortalised in his book, "A Window in Thrums"



The interior of the wash-house opposite his first home, in which Barrie declares that he used to stage childish performances

WHY or when the patriotic Major, who so ostentatiously came forward as the preserver of one of Scotia's literary shrines, faded from the scene, and with what loss or profit I do not know. But enter now a London solicitor of a peculiarly un-Scottish name as owner of Barrie's birthplace and the far-famed "wash-house." Again, why he should have bought them from Major Lauder I do not know. He would willingly have let the Corporation of Kirriemuir acquire the property at a price which is approximately five times its value—sentimental associations apart.

BUT the Provost and Town Council of Kirriemuir, in common with most inhabitants of Angus, "ken baith sides o' a shullin," and would be no party to the acquisition of this literary landmark at a price which must represent to some person or persons unknown an unreasonable profit derived entirely from the sentimental association of the place. I do not blame them. Yet it may be that I am too squeamish. One man possesses the original manuscript of a story or a play by Barrie, acquired in the first place either as a free gift or at a small figure, and sells it on a favourable market at a fancy price; another possesses the house in which the famous writer was born and does the same thing with it. Where's the difference?

IT doesn't seem quite decent to me, however; but where money comes in at the door decency flies out at the window. There is, we are told, the grave possibility that some admiring American, to whom thousands of pounds are as threepenny bits to the Provost of Kirriemuir, may come along and buy the Barrie birthplace and wash-house and remove them entirely

"Possibly Mr. Bennett . . . may have already acquired his own birthplace"

to Oshkosh, Wis. Well, let him! I say so the more readily as I am convinced that the admirer from Oshkosh is a near relative of that "party" who is just on the point of buying every house everybody is enquiring about at any estate agent's. I assert without fear of contradiction that there is no man or woman alive to-day who can recall ever having enquired about any house property in any part of the British Isles for which the agent was prepared to admit that there was no other competitor. You remember George Graves's bon mot about estate agents: "Nice men, oh, very nice men, but liars!"

IF this Barrie birthplace sale should be carried out successfully on the usual competitive lines, I can foresee a great impetus to traffic in the birthplaces of celebrities. In these days when we have organised and floated almost everything, why not "Literary Shrines, Limited"? This concern would specialise in acquiring the birthplaces of the rising stars of literature—before they had risen too far. There would be money in it. Take Mr. J. B. Priestley. Now would be the time to invest in his birthplace before his name has become as familiar as, let us say, Mr. Arnold Bennett's. Possibly Mr. Bennett, with that shrewd business aptitude which has distinguished his literary career, may have already acquired his own birthplace to prevent others at a later date profiting from the fame with which he has endowed it. When you come to think of it, most of our famous people have been born somewhere in these isles, and many of the houses in which they first saw the light must still be standing. What about Mr. Galsworthy's? Mr. Shaw's? Mr. Wells's? None of them has sprung from palaces: been born in the purple, so to speak. Like most famous men and women, their domestic origins have been humble, and where their birthplaces have not become their personal property they might be quietly picked up by speculators at reasonable figures. In the present rotten state of the Stock Exchange there's a good idea here.

THE first time I went to Kirriemuir to see the birthplace of Sir James Barrie—into which, by the way, the wizard of Thrums had not set foot himself for sixty years—I passed, some little distance from the place, a bright young woman talking to a girl friend. I heard her saying as they went by: "And another thing I forgot to tell you, Sir James Barrie was born in our house." It struck me at the time as being odd that she should have reserved this piece of news to the last. Especially after I went over the house with her mother!

Sir James Barrie walking on the brae at Kirriemuir during a visit to his native town in Forfarshire

APROPOS of *Angel Pavement*, Mr. Priestley's latest best seller, I have before me an American publishers' journal which contains a very effectively designed advertisement for this popular novel, published in the United States by Messrs. Harper and Bros. The advertisement gives a photographic reproduction of the volume with the following phrase in heavy black type: "Here is the book to make your Fall profitable." That reminds me of Marshall P. Wilder's story about the New York negro servant girl. To the grief of her master and mistress, whom she had served faithfully for some years, she disappeared, and left no trace. But, months later, encountering her on Broadway, her master was openly astonished to find her dressed in the height of Nigger finery. He exclaimed: "Say, Dinah, whatever in the world has happened to you?" "Oh, Massa," she replied with some confusion, "I jus' can't bear to tell you, but I *done gone bin ruined!*"

J. A. Hammerton

THOUGHTS, WISE—AND OTHERWISE

There's no time like the present for putting off things.

* * *

To-day's great thought: It's lucky lipsticks aren't fattening.

* * *

Keep your fingers away from electric fans. They don't know you need them.

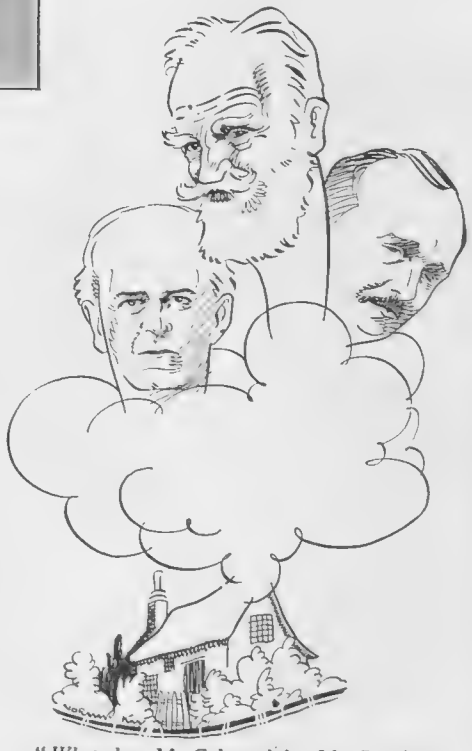
* * *

Some people can never see a fire engine dashing down the street without wondering whether the gallant lads are hastening to a fire or hurrying back to finish a game of "nap."

* * *

"That horse you sold me last week is a fine animal but I can't get the brute to hold up his head."

"Oh, that's just his pride. He'll hold it up all right as soon as he is paid for."



"What about Mr. Galsworthy's? Mr. Shaw's? Mr. Wells's? None of them has sprung from palaces"

Lady Erleigh's Farm in Sussex

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *L. N. A.*

Lady Erleigh and her younger daughter, Elizabeth, on the lawn of Great Broadhurst Farm, her picturesque Sussex home. Inset are seen her three children, the Hon. Michael, the Hon. Joan and the Hon. Elizabeth Isaacs, at the upper windows of the Oast House, which is their own particular domain on the farm

PARIS GOSSIP

PHARMACIES, FOOD AND FAME

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

THESE mild, early autumn days offer two different aspects of Paris: in its quiet state one receives a soft but vivid impression of the city, and, on the other hand, one is able to learn the impressions which the natives have of visitors. And during these days more lies are told in Paris than during any other time of the year; it is quite amusing to listen to the lies travellers tell to dressmakers, saying that they must have their wardrobes on such and such a day prior to sailing, or they will refuse to accept the dresses; and the lies the dressmakers tell their clients, saying on what day the dresses will surely be ready. . . .

For studying the people there is nothing like studying The People, and in doing so one does not always get a pleasant interpretation of what The People think of you. Certain authors, from Zola to Francis Carco, have attained fame from their studies of the people, but all I can get is a bad temper.

UPON entering a neighbouring pharmacy to ask for a bottle of spirits of ammonia I little realised that such a request would reveal the French opinion of Americans. The chemist looked at me severely, and asked, "What for?" "I am tired," I said, "I always thought that ammonia bucks one up. I remember that one of the biggest moments in Somerset Maughan's *Our Betters* was the discussion of the vital importance of spirits of ammonia." "Ammonia is only for people who go off the rails," said the chemist accusingly. "I have been doing nothing of the sort," I retorted. "You can't fool me," said the chemist; "every time a groom from one of the hotels in the Quarter asks for ammonia I know it is for an American client who has been drinking." "Well, then, give me a bottle of Vichy," I said to save my face and my compatriots. "By the way, it is more expensive here than at the grocer's. Why is that?" The chemist and his assistant burst into loud laughter. "Because the grocers ask less for it. It's a mania with them. In fact, it's an old French custom."

I hope my readers will now realise what they are up against when they have to deal with French pharmacies; they must never ask for ammonia, they must always buy bottled waters at the grocer's, and they must never patronise any so-called English and American pharmacy.

"While Briand's cattle . . . have been winning prizes at an agricultural show, he has not been winning any laurels . . . at the League of Nations"

ANOTHER hint for visitors: I assume that all readers of THE BYSTANDER are too cosmopolitan and sophisticated to seek those "quaint little restaurants" where only French people go. Just go to good ones, that's all. I have recently found two restaurants which French people, clannish as they are, patronise to avoid seeing their compatriots. They are in the Rue de Surène: one is called Chez Louis, but is Czecho-Slovakian, and the other is called Little Hungary. As both menus are written in the native languages, just look about you at the other tables and say, "Give me that." I do not know the full extent of British censorship, but I have been told that all dishes offered by restaurants hailing from the centre of Europe are mild aphrodisiacs. I don't believe it; I think it is just propaganda, for one of the most popular items on the menu at Prunier's is American clam chowder, which also has, my studious friends tell me, the

The seventy-three-year-old Princess Marie Charlotte Constance de Broglie and Prince Louis Ferdinand d'Orleans-Bourbon, who were recently married at a London register office. The Prince, who is forty-one, explained to interviewers that the wedding was a love match pure and simple

"He refused to pay the bill"

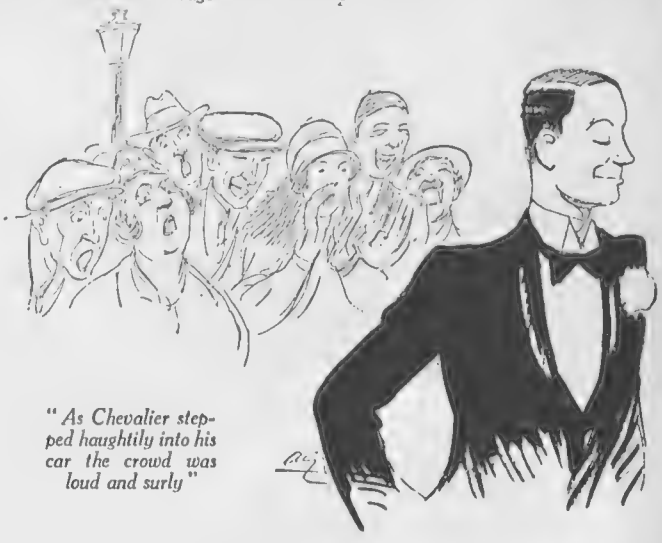
same properties. But that I also doubt, for I am sure America would never allow it.

ONE can hardly avoid stories of Americans in Paris. The other night a well-known American industrialist, who is alleged to have offered a prize of thousands of dollars to Costes and Bellonte for their flight from New York to Dallas, entered Maxim's, accompanied by a French reporter from one of the local American newspapers. This gentleman, soberly dressed in a plaid suit, green tie, and yellow shoes, asked the head waiter to have the orchestra play the "Marseillaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and to announce who he was. By some strategic excuse the head waiter avoided the achievement of anything so ridiculous. He then went to the Lido and made the same request. The head waiter, probably from astonishment, agreed, had the band play the French and American national anthems, and announced the presence of the distinguished visitor and his great benefactions to international aviation. A few people applauded feebly. He then ordered champagne for himself, the reporter and two girls. When the bill was presented he waved it aside, saying that "the house" should pay for it, as his merely being there only added to the attraction of the establishment. His reporter companion, very much embarrassed, offered to pay, but the director of the Lido, knowing the salaries of French reporters, would not accept his money. The illustrious industrialist made no attempt to settle the bill, and quitted. The disgusted reporter remarked to a confrère that he hoped that the gentleman would come forth with the large cheque he had offered to Costes and Bellonte.

THE other night Maurice Chevalier was the victim of his own popularity. He sat in a loge at the Cirque d'Hiver, and two clowns, as a tribute to him, performed a burlesque of *The Love Parade*. The crowd applauded enthusiastically, and Chevalier rose to the occasion. But on leaving the circus a great many citizens of the Quarter, which is by no means chic, gathered in the street to see him. When he emerged from the exit there were cheers for "le Maurice national," and one poor fellow, naïvely thinking that Chevalier is like the characters he portrays, called out to him inviting him to have a drink. The actor was silent and stiff. There was a stir, and a policeman shoved the harmless badaud into the gutter. Whether it was the result of Chevalier's cold, humourless attitude or the policeman's action is not known, but, as Chevalier haughtily stepped into his car, the crowd was loud and surly, calling out to their idol of a few moments ago such sweet phrases as, "Go choke on your dollars" and "He hasn't even any talent." Basically, the lower classes of the French have not advanced one iota since the Revolution.

THE LAST WORD IN BATHING DRESSES

Myriam Stefford, the well-known actress of Buenos Aires, who in private life is the Baroness Biza, wearing a novel bathing suit on the Lido. It is made entirely of lace, and bathing dresses of this material are now all the rage



"As Chevalier stepped haughtily into his car the crowd was loud and surly"

WHAT will be the attitude toward Briand after Geneva remains to be seen. So many people, from André Maurois to the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, née Fels, have followed the Assembly to Geneva, that hardly any people are left in Paris. At any rate, while Briand's cattle at his Cocherel farm have been winning prizes at an agricultural show, he has not been winning any laurels of French opinion at the League of Nations. They admit that he is an excellent Foreign Minister, but are wondering whose Foreign Minister he is—France's or Germany's?

SEEN, heard, and overheard: Lord and Lady Carisbrooke at the revival of "Le Sexe Faible." . . . The news that "Bubbles," Lord Tyrrell's bull-dog, was killed after an hour and a half's fight with another dog who had attacked his mistress. . . . Echoes of the time when Lord Tyrrell was to arrive in Paris to begin his duties as British Ambassador, and the French Foreign Office having gathered the information that His Excellency had a young daughter devoted to sports, asked a young attaché of the Affaires Etrangères to make a pretty speech. . . . The young attaché, very shy and keeping his eyes on the ground, and evidently thinking that Miss Anne Tyrrell was about ten years old, said he hoped she would profit by the beautiful weather to sail her little boat in the Tuileries pond.

S. L.

BY HYNES

AMERICAN HOSTESS: "*Say, folks, don't drip that cocktail stuff on the carpet. It burns holes!*"

If Gossip We Must.

By way of enlivening "the little season" there is much talk of a theatrical boom. Not much more is meant by this than that people are going to see the plays they like, and that more plays to their taste happen to be coming on for production just now than is usually the case. There is also, I am firmly convinced, a reaction among the more cultured seekers after entertainment (who, incidentally, form the majority of those who buy stalls) against the crude sensationalism of the "talkies." For this the cinema advertisements are largely to blame.

YOLANDE JACKSON Bassano

The promising young actress who is playing in "The Way to Treat a Woman." She takes the part of Eleanor Cuyler in the play, which is now running at the new theatre, The Whitehall, situated between Nelson's Column and the Horse Guards

Winnie Melville taking life easily whilst on holiday in Cornwall with her husband, Derek Oldham. They are now back at work and opened at the London Coliseum last week

It has for some time struck me as strange that the cinema, which boasts so much of being the last word in modern development, which houses its patrons in luxurious palaces where there are pile carpets into which one seems to sink up to one's knees, proclaims its attractions in a way that penny gaffs would have disdained a couple of generations ago. The posters and the displayed advertisements in the daily Press are rather below the level, artistically and mentally, of, say, the methods used to boost a performance of *Maria Marten; or The Murder in the Red Barn*, in the Corn Exchange at Chapel-en-le-Frith in 1865. C. B. Cochran told me that he had a discussion on this point not long ago with Douglas Fairbanks when a Fairbanks-Pickford film occupied one of his theatres.

By Webster Murray

"'Adn't you better knock 'em up, sir?"
"Norra bit, offisher! Let 'em wait!"

Now Doug is not only a good fellow, but, needless to say, a very cute man at his job. Yet even he, though he spent all sorts of artistic ingenuity in the making of his film, refused to have any but the crudest and tawdriest posters to advertise it.

BUT, if you look down the advertisement columns of any films page you will find something infinitely worse. Sex is harped on in the most unsubtle way, the drawings are bad, and superlatives tumble over each other. Every film is always "The most stupendous production of the century," or "An epic (whatever that means) of crime and thrills." "You will laugh, you will cry, your heart will beat with wild excitement" is a gem I quote, and "Murder," "Secret Passion," and "Blackmail" are words that stick out at you from among a bristling forest of exclamation marks. Even "The School for Scandal" has been officially described for week after week as "Richard Sheridan's masterpiece of daring sophistication." Doubtless Hollywood will now approach Richard Sheridan with a dazzling proposal and offer Oliver Goldsmith a bathing pool in the Beverly Hills.

I HEAR that the Duke of Connaught will be off to the South of France at any moment now; he is going rather earlier than usual this year, for, though his health is marvellous for a man of his age, the English winter becomes increasingly dangerous for the throat trouble to which he is prone.

TO look at his upright, soldierly figure reviewing troops—here is a photograph of him having a look at the Sandhurst cadets, plain and coloured—makes it difficult to believe that he was reviewing troops before some of our generals were born. The last of Queen Victoria's sons is an octogenarian now, and it was a long way back in the far-off 'sixties that he was first connected with the Army he loves so well. That hand which took the salute at Sandhurst the other day has been touched by the victor of Waterloo, for the great Duke of Wellington was His Royal Highness's godfather, which is why he bears the name of Arthur. There is a link indeed!

MR. CLYNES has learned political economy in, presumably, the hard school of experience. Not a bad school, though in his case it seems to have been bad for his logic. For the Home Secretary, defending the dole system, places a triple halo round the heads of the worthy folk who receive it. And, of course, are voters. He informed an audience of Intellectual Workers the other day that—

> "the workman paid in his own contribution through his wages not merely one contribution. He enabled the employer to secure a profit, out of which the employer paid his contribution. The workman also, by his generous service

Photographs *Planet News*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT SANDHURST

The ever-youthful Duke of Connaught, who carries his eighty years so wonderfully, greeting Staff Officers at Sandhurst, which he recently visited accompanied by his granddaughter, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, seen on the dais. The upper photographs show some of the Oriental cadets who are now at Sandhurst, on the drill square. Whether it is wise, in view of the troubles in the Far East and threats to British prestige, to entertain such visitors at the R.M.C. is a point which is certainly debatable but very seldom debated

A NOVEL MATCH *Topical*

Dave Black, the Vancouver professional, and Phil Taylor, the professional of the Victoria Golf Club, with Chief Walking Caribou and Walking Bear, against whom they played a round on the links of the Banff Springs Hotel, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The Indians used bows and arrows instead of clubs and balls, but the regulation golfers won by a narrow margin

MARY CLARE *Janet Jevons*

Who last month joined the cast of "The Silent Witness," the thriller which has had a good run at the Comedy Theatre. She took over the part created by Marie Löhr

to the State through the agencies of taxation, enabled the State to pay its contribution. Thus it might be said that the workman paid all three contributions."

Yes, it certainly "might be said." Indeed, a real live Labour Cabinet Minister has said it. But anyone who says things like this would say anything.

S

WE are back again here at the old delusion that Labour is the source of all wealth, a theory as dead as Karl Marx himself, except in the notion of sundry grades of the Proletariat, from the amiable, pale-pink Mr. Clynes to the lusty red of the Russian bishop-boilers. That the working man pays no direct taxation whatever, and has his children educated, and frequently fed, by those who do pay direct taxation, is a point that Mr. Clynes has conveniently overlooked. But that is such a minor point! What is important is that a Cabinet Minister should seek to make out that giving and receiving are one and the same thing. As pretty a piece of sophistry as even 1930 could produce!

S

WITH a few hours' interval for sleep, I went from the Sophie Tucker revue to a "Docks Week" inspection. From the American comedienne to a cargo boat in the Albert Docks is not so far a cry as at first it may seem. Sophie is, like a cargo boat, broad in the beam, and both possess the voice of a siren. Both, moreover, are not unconnected with the East End of London, because of the hordes of Sophie Tucker "fans" I noted, at least 50 per cent. came from the other side of Aldgate Pump.

S

SOPHIE radiates what a well-known critic calls "good-naturedness," and is, I have no doubt, a kind-hearted woman with a genius for showmanship. Will she, I wonder, extend her "good-naturedness" to the extent of omitting from her répertoire such songs as cause singular embarrassment to any man accompanied by a member of the

A TONSORIAL TOPIC

Mr. Lloyd George's appearance on a political platform last week with his hair cut to a conventional shortness created quite a sensation.

INDEET to gootness, what is this
Our little David's done?
Now Churt and Criccieth sadly pine
And yearn to glimpse once more those fine
Long silvered locks so leonine
A-gleaming in the sun.
And long to see him show again
That he's a man of might—and "mane."

"Let Baldwin lose his pipe of Peace,
"If not his peace of mind,
"Let Ramsay lose his motor car
"And Jimmy Thomas his cigar,
"To do so they quite welcome are
"If they are so inclined.
"But spare us," his admirers call,
"This most unkindest cut of all."

But what the fuss is all about
I really fail to see,
And why some folk should think it queer
If Lloyd George chooses to appear
With locks that do not hide each ear
Is quite a mystery,
For in debate, I do declare,
He has been known to "lose his hair!"

B. W.

By Norman Kay

"Oh, Mr. Dauber, Joan here has made some really priceless copies of your work. Will you use your influence to sell them for her?"

opposite sex who is not steeped in outspoken "Soph"-istication, and who does not wish to be entertained by the more physiological aspects of the sex question?

"Docks Week" must certainly become an annual institution, though I would suggest that in future years it is held in June or July, and not when the equinoctial gales are unpleasantly near. "Navy Week" gives the public a chance of seeing their own ships. "Docks Week" is a natural sequel—partly a tribute to the Mercantile Marine and partly (for there are naturally cargo boats of all nations) an educational scheme for adults as well as children, with the saving grace that these excursions are not in the least dull.

In the pleasant old days one could take the penny steamer down to Tilbury and Gravesend. Frequently, when working on my first job in Fleet Street—it seems about a couple of centuries ago—I used to take a boat from Blackfriars at mid-day, lunch at Greenwich, and be back at the office for some work in the afternoon. All that sort of thing has long been swept away. But "Docks Week" opens up the mysteries of the Port of London to a generation that hardly suspected their existence.

Janet Jevon.

Patrons of the Café de Paris will be interested to know that Miss Anna de Nys, who was a member of that highly successful combination, "That Certain Trio," was recently married to one of her partners, Mr. T. M. McKenna, a nephew of Mr. Reginald McKenna, with whom she is seen above Mr. Patrick Waddington, the third member of the trio, is now appearing in "Charlot's Masquerade," at the Cambridge Theatre

Wide World

Mr. Desmond Jeans, the actor and brother of Miss Ursula Jeans, who is taking up boxing as a professional. When playing in Sydney he entered for the amateur heavyweight championship of Australia and did very well, although the sight of a monocled boxer set the house rocking with laughter. We may yet have an actor as heavyweight boxing champion

NOTES FROM FASHION'S VA

This evening model by Worth touches the height of statuesque simplicity. The heavy folds of satin fall full to the new shorter length. A spray of black and white osprey is worn on the shoulder to replace the conventional flower. *Model Worth*

ONE of the features of the Paris Autumn Openings was the extreme diversity of styles shown. Clearly there was no little hesitation amongst some of the Houses in guessing which particular of the new line was to continue. One or two lacked courage and did not show anything very different from the Spring collections; others bravely launched out towards the styles of the '30's and definitely presented something quite new. New, at least, to this generation.

THEN there follows always the acid test as to which will be pronounced "successful" by the measure in which the woman of fashion will adopt it. She may be influenced but not entirely led. She, therefore, is the one who is so carefully watched by buyer and creator alike. She, it is, who is pursued and studied in whatever social halls or rendezvous she may frequent.

AND when a new idea has been launched and is thus "blessed," it is seized on with avidity by everyone at the next season's showing, by which time its original creator has moved on one. This he must always do to keep the lead, and it is only true dress creative genius that can. There is always the pack at his heels, criticising, cribbing, copying—but perforce obedient to his dictation. And so, because the fashion world forgathers there, Paris becomes the great clearing house that establishes the standard of style. Those who grumble at the fickleness of fashion would do well to remember that she is fickle only at regular intervals, and that if no such clearing house existed, what a strange mixture of styles would ensue! Or would it not be as dull as ditchwater with *nothing* new or different? One cannot imagine such a state of affairs which has not existed since Eve! And even when that lady adopted her first change of fashion to a fig-leaf—what a sensation it caused!

ONE very attractive idea is the little fur stole and muff set that is worn with the tweed or cloth street frock. One is illustrated here from Molyneux in which he mixes tweed and fur, while he did others in the same theme but in varied style. Sometimes it was a small barrel muff of tweed to match the frock, bordered with fur, or a rather larger, differently shaped affair. Patou also showed several with taking little fur tippets to go with them. These are attached to collarless long coats and made to slip off to wear with the dress beneath when the coat is laid aside. There are many who jib at the return of the muff, but if only its creators would include a little pocket inside, in which one could carry the necessary powder puff, purse and hanky, it would probably have much more chance of success. For while modern woman revels in being as picturesque as her grandmother, she prefers to combine it with the practical modern touch.

FOR smart afternoon wear the tippet and cape is in ermine, and for the tailored coat in breitschwantz, caracul or similar fur. Dyed ermine is used quite a bit, either a silky black or a new biscuit shade. The short jacket coat in fur was shown by nearly every

house in either close-fitting, waisted style or the loose, straight-cut one. There were many short fur waistcoats or under-coats, fur-bordered. There is an advantage, many women find, in the short fur coat when they drive their own car, or ride in it a good deal, in the fact that the fur is not rubbed by being sat on. Actually, the long fur coat was shown but little. An original version by Schiaparelli showed fur with flat, narrow bands of material in between. Another had the waist only of material to ensure a slim fit. For travelling and practical wear the fur coat must always be with us, while the short coat puts in an almost perennial appearance at this time. In the close, curly, sleek lambs of fine quality it can be very smart indeed, and with a touch on the hat and muff one has a silhouette which is charmingly suitable for most days in an English winter.

also coming into its own again, as it is quite charming on the velvet or heavy silk crêpe frock. It is placed on the neck or on the sleeves, which, by the way, show many extravagant tendencies, both on coats and frocks. Even the small puff has appeared at the shoulder (in a Lucile Paray model). Always picturesque, the ornate cuff is rather maddening in everyday life, as it does have such a habit of getting in the soup. But in this, too, "il faut souffrir pour être beau."

B. B. E.

ED THEME

By Blanche B. Elliott

IN the evening the scarf has returned to fashion. I say this with reluctance because I have seen what the average Englishwoman can do with a scarf. It is a complex with so many estimable ladies. Generally, it is huddled round the neck and clutched at spasmodically until it looks like a cry for help. A friend of mine has an aunt who sends her a printed crêpe de Chine scarf regularly at Christmas and her birthday, and she now has a motley collection that bids fair to send her insane. She would have been grateful for a mere cambric handkerchief instead—which would have cost far less.

BUT the modern scarf is worn quite a new way, please note. If of lace, with a lace frock, the middle of it (often tucked or shaped) is placed under the chin and the ends allowed to float over the back in cape-like manner. Chanel showed several like this. Augustabernard used the separate velvet scarf in a contrasting shade to the frock. One particularly pleasing little model was a cross between a cape and a scarf, and the full ends fell on the shoulders along the arms to hang in cape-like folds. She also showed many coloured velvet coats to wear with evening frocks.

THIS is the time if you possess any early Victorian jewellery or antique paste to bring it forth and wear it. While many houses did not show any jewellery, others showed some in this old-fashioned style. With the fichu and berthas the cameo may also return. Real lace is

One of Molyneux' original little tweed outfits with matching fur-bordered stole and fur muff, which created such interest in Paris. The skirt has narrow pleats ironed to stand out, and the straight stole can be worn on one shoulder or to fasten at the back. *Model Molyneux*

FILM NOTES

ART AND ARTIFICE

By Lionel Collier

Betty Amann, the very attractive heroine in "The White Devil," Ufa's film adaptation of Leo Tolstoi's story, "Hadschi Murat." This film will be seen in the West End shortly

Ivan Mosjoukine, the Caucasian leader, watches the Russians invading their territory. A scene from "The White Devil," Ufa's latest picture, produced by Alexander Dolkoff, in which the acting is excellent and the scenery beautiful

THE greatest aid to the permanence of the talkie arrived when producers realised that action was still required, that pictorial expressiveness and development were still the screen's greatest asset, and, indeed, the only things that justified cinematography being called an art. The mechanical reproduction of sound is not art, even if it is artifice. There was nothing brilliant, for instance, in the fact which was largely advertised in one of the early talkies that eggs could be heard frying and a baby heard crying.

LATELY we have had a few pictures of the calibre of "The Blue Angel" and "The Love Waltz," which use pictorial action and curtail their dialogue to a minimum. Now there is another, "The White Devil," which follows their lead, and gives paramount importance to action and beautiful scenic effects. It will probably be seen in the West End shortly.

THE story deals in a broad sweep with a Cossack leader and his fight against the Czar at the period when the Caucasian slopes refused to recognise his sovereignty. It introduces a romance in that the rebel leader carries off a girl from under the Czar's nose. He is killed while escaping; an ending which forms acceptable change to the happy one which film producers will always insist that the public requires.

THE producer is Alexander Dolkoff, and appears to be a master of both intimate and spectacular direction, and he has given vivid colour and life to Tolstoi's story. Detail touches bring out the characters, and instead of long-winded dialogue a few vital pictorial suggestions illuminate one both as to character and to dramatic action. The spectacular part of the picture consists of wonderful mountain scenery —a Cossack village was built on the Franco-Italian border for the effect of battle scenes—and the reconstructed court at St. Petersburg, with interiors and exteriors of the opera house and palace are most convincing.

THE acting, too, is notable. The cast is headed by Ivan Mosjoukine, who first became known in this country for his performance as Ned Kean in a Franco-Russian picture of the same name. His portrayal of the famous English actor was one of the notable characterisations of the silent screen. Here, as the daring Cossack leader, he is just as sensitive in his part, and just as widely diverse, as he should be in his interpretation of it.

AS the Czar, Fritz Alberti is excellent, with Lil Dagover as his mistress, and Betty Amann is an attractive heroine. It will be noticed that all the artistes are foreigners, most German; Mosjoukine is Russian. You hear their words in perfect synchrony with the movements of their lips, yet not one of them, I believe, can speak English with anything approaching perfection. The answer to this riddle is that they have all been doubled, but so doubled that it is quite difficult to realise it by watching their lips. It is an amazing piece of artifice—not art, because the character of the voices do not completely fit the actual actors, nor does delivery of the lines approximate their acting ability.

IT is all very clever, but we would sooner have heard them speak in German; they would have been perfectly intelligible, because Alexander Dolkoff has remembered that the camera is the brush of the cinema artist. Which brings us back to the subject of the talkies' growth. That way it is growing as it should, using its new-found voice as a substitute for the dialogue.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

BOOMERANG

By GEORGIE FROXFIELD

At the tallboy chest of drawers that hid the communicating door between his wife's bedroom and his own, Linley, lean six-foot-four, greyhound type, forty, picked over a great litter of ties. He was lunching Jean Murray, and lately ties had seemed quite important items.

Jean was a penniless connection of his wife, Tricksy's. Five years ago, when Jean had first come to London, Tricksy had invited her to stay, asked Linley to befriend and help her, and suggested their making her a small allowance. Linley did all he could. He found Jean a typist's job in the City, deplored her renting the "flatette" in Pimlico—bed-sitting-room, alcove and gas cooker on the landing—and subsequently advised, scolded, tipped and kissed her in a sincerely avuncular spirit.

Then, only a week ago, discovering that Jean pined to go to the Nine Muses' Masque, but couldn't—unless, as she put it, Eve's kit before the Fall was permissible—he had promised in that avuncular spirit to see she had a costume.

To-day was Saturday. Three dresses he had ordered to be sent on approval to the "flatette." They awaited Jean's, and his, return from lunch and matinée.

He didn't question that avuncular spirit as elfin Jean, dusky cheeks flushed, dark eyes glittering, vivid lips parted, excitedly examined the three dresses—a futurist's idea of the Queen of Sheba, a conventional's conception of a Watteau shepherdess, and a romantic's notion of Spring.

They were terribly divine, she declared. She didn't see how she could possibly choose. He positively must help.

Linley supposed that, films and plays having made such sights familiar, she thought nothing of it. Vaguely he wished he thought nothing of it, too. Did she consider him such a back-number that it didn't matter either to him or her?

Jean slid out of the third dress and said:

"Now which?"

"The present one," said he.

"Naughty Nuncs," was her comment as she stepped into her frock.

"Isn't it about time Nuncs was dropped?" he said.

His abrupt tone surprised him, but only made her smile—an elfin grin.

"Naughty—boy, then," said she. "But, seriously, you're a darling, and I'm simply frantically grateful."

Later on as he said good-bye Jean rebuked him:

"You really *are* naughty. You mustn't kiss me like that, you know."

"Like what?" said Linley, feeling breathless.

"You—you know."

"It was delicious," said he, and added hastily: "But I must dash. We've people dining to-night, and I don't know what all. Why don't you ever come, Jean? Tricksy would——"

"I like seeing you by yourself best," she broke in. "Good-night, sweet and kind—Lin."

LINLEY returned home—home being a vast house in Kensington. In the dining-room Tricksy, dressed in the fashion of to-morrow, pink and white, willowy, fragile-looking, yellow satin hair shining, was staring discontentedly at the buff carnations on the table.

"My dear Hugh," Linley overheard her saying, "didn't I tell you to get *amber* carnations?"

Hugh Barnard, late of the Air Force, more lately in a succession of temporary jobs, clipped moustached, supercilious, smart (without a penny in his pocket), a "dear lady" type of outsider, in Linley's opinion, was Tricksy's shadow and slave. To hear the sweep being told off was music to Linley. But to quarrel over buff and amber? Didn't it measure the pettiness of anybody?

Linley went upstairs. After all, he reflected, life is so purposeless and futile that the grounds of every quarrel are as inane. Here he was forty—that critical age when most men awake to the fact that years are very precious things. All he did was to make money to run this barrack of a house, feed jazzing hordes of Tricksy's friends—and sit dejectedly on the edge of his bed and stare at the tallboy.

It wouldn't be there—the communicating door would stand open, they'd be chatting—if he were married to a girl like Jean, say.

Forty. Damn!

There was dancing after dinner. People kept coming and going—except for that fixture, Hugh Barnard. Watching him attending Tricksy, Linley wondered if she were in love with the sweep. P'raps. But love is an Also Ran in the Motive Stakes these days. Tricksy knew when she was well off. She wouldn't exchange present ease for passion in a cottage.

He wished Jean had come. He wished she didn't cold-shoulder Tricksy. Tricksy went her own way. He ought to go his. He had been a money-making Robot too long. Time he enjoyed life. Time he—— What was the time? 11 o'clock.

Abruptly he pleaded urgent work and locked himself in his study at the back of the house. At 11.5 he passed out by the side door and hurried past the waiting cars. At 11.20 a taxi dropped him outside No. 20, Rangecroft Road, Pimlico. A light behind the pink curtains of the "flatette" announced that Jean was at home and still awake. He rang the topmost bell.

In her dressing-gown Jean opened the door.

"You! Whatever's up?"

"Nothing. Intolerably lonely, that's all. Felt I must have a tonic—a chat with you. Object?"

"Not a bit. Delighted. But you'll have to creep up—like a naughty boy."

"I—I feel like that," said Linley.

She had been reading in bed. He made her get back, and drew up a chair facing her.

"What's biting you?" she asked.

SELF-PITY made him communicative. Once, years and years ago, Tricksy and he had been fine pals. Before he made money. Before she had such a host of friends. When they were freer. Got into two different worlds they had. Strangers really. Lately he had come to see how rotten it all was. They—ought to be free.

"Can't you be?" Jean asked, hugging her knees.

"Divorce?" He shook his head. "Tricksy's too careful. Got too much to lose."

"How—how about you?"

"Me?" He shook his head. "I can't."

"Financiers needn't be Saint Anthonys, need they?" she asked, elfin chin on her knees.

"It's not that. It's—mother."

"You darling archaic thing!"

"*She's* that. Nearly ninety! But gets about and sees people and reads the papers. She's silly enough to think the world of me. It would just about finish her. It would be—like murder."

He didn't see her swift, involuntary smile.

"How—how wonderfully dear of

ILLUSTRATION BY LEO BATES

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you!" she ejaculated. "I thought all that sort of thing went out years ago. But then you *are* dear—dear and wonderfully kind. Don't I know it just!"

"It's not being kind when one's tremendously fond of anybody. It's selfishness. I hate to think of you cooped up in a fusty office all day."

"Then—forget me."

"That's just what I can't do. If I had my way you'd live like—like a little queen."

"With a king?" she asked.

He met her interrogative eyes, frowned and said under his breath:

"Say a—a prince consort."

She shook her head.

"If I were free," he began eagerly, "would you——?"

"Wait till you are!" she broke in, rolled down the bedclothes and swung her bare feet to the floor. "And now I'm going to throw you out—neck and crop. Be a good boy and trot along home."

BACK in bed at home he stared at the tallboy. He remembered buying it. Excuse to block the door after that blazing row with Tricksy over some man or other, it had been. Sort of symbol it had become.

Damn the thing, towering there!

Three days later an interview with a chronic invalid, who occasionally came into his largest and soundest speculations, took Linley to the west end of Cromwell Road. He was settling himself in his car when a two-seater shot by. Tricksy, at the wheel, was too anxious about the traffic in Earl's Court Road to notice Linley, and Hugh Barnard was staring at her and eagerly talking.

Linley didn't hesitate—except to give the two-seater reasonable grace. He followed. At the entrance to a block of flats in Warwick Road the two-seater drew up. Linley, fifty yards in their wake, stopped too. When Tricksy and Hugh had vanished into the building he sauntered after them. "Hugh Barnard" he read on a card drawing-pinned on a board of numbers. 65. That's where they were, then. He trod upstairs. He had come to no decisions as to his conduct of the affair when he reached the landing outside Nos. 65 and 67, but the sight of a slender Yale key protruding from the front door of No. 65 suggested the action he took. Were he discovered it meant a blazing row. Involuntarily his fingers clenched. It would be jolly to feel the sweep's face squelch under his fist. . . .

He twisted the key and pushed the door open. The subdued sound of voices led him to a door which stood ajar on the right-hand side of the narrow passage.

"It's a splendid job," he heard Hugh say. "A five years' appointment. Kenya's a most jolly place. Everybody says so. Broad-minded people, too. Plenty of sport. You'd love it. I—I'd *make* you. Look, here are the photographs. That's to be my bungalow—*our* bungalow, Tricksy——"

"Don't, please. I've broken a rule and come here just to see the photographs. For nothing else."

"Dear lady. You're the sternest little puritan I've ever heard of!"

"So long as I'm fed and clothed by Linley I won't let him down. I told you that ages ago——"

"*Such* food and *such* clothes!" Hugh ejaculated. "I can't hope to compete!"

A silence fell, then abruptly Hugh went on:

"I'm to go at once. Next week. Say you'll come. What do you get out of staying?"

"'*Such* food and *such* clothes,'" thought Linley, tense behind the door.

"Hugh," he heard Tricksy say deliberately, "it's not just 'May I have the next dance?' It's a pretty big thing. The biggest thing I've ever had to decide. It means——"

"Much loss, but a gain you can't dream of. I'd make you happy. *Make you*—even if you didn't want to be."

"When must I answer?"

"Here and now. All these years——"

"Eighteen months, Hugh. That's all."

"All! Æons! Hanging about like a starving loafer waiting for a crumb. No. I'm through with it all. I've been a spineless fool. I'm going to have my own way now—or go it."

"I'll think——"

"No. Tell me now."

"I'll think. I'll let you know to-morrow."

"No. *Now!*"

"Let go, Hugh. All right, now, then. It's—'no.'"

"I don't believe it. No woman could be so hateful. Just when my luck's in and I can offer you something, you——"

"Hugh, let me go, or I'll say 'no' to-morrow, too."

"You mean——?"

"I want to think. I mean to think. I'll let you know. I'll meet you. By Rima, Hugh, to-morrow at eleven."

"As usual you win," Linley heard Hugh declare, and drew back from the door.

SECRET knowledge is latent power, like a mine under the enemy's line. Linley wasn't ready to explode that mine as yet. He tiptoed to the landing and the open staircase.

In his car, steering eastward, he derided his sentimental self, blown hot and cold with fury and misery. It was best. Much best. Wise she was. He faced contingencies. By to-morrow she might have said "yes." In a week's time her boats might be burned and his petition launched. Even his dear old mother could only sympathise with a son treated so abominably.

He would be free in eight or nine months.

And then "*Such* food and *such* clothes!" as uttered despairingly by Hugh echoed in his mind. Why did

Tricksy need time for consideration? Love's an Also Ran in the Motives Stakes. Tricksy wouldn't say "Yes." That was it! She wouldn't go. She had been thinking of all she would lose. Those golden realities wouldn't diminish on reflection. If it weren't "yes" with the fellow's arms round her, it would be "no"

"She had been reading in bed. He made her get back and drew up a chair beside her"

—a most resolute "no"—when she had had time to think things out coolly and collectedly.

She wouldn't go. Not she. He'd never be free. He'd never be able to carry Jean off. Never!

Had he been the poor man he had been at the time of their marriage, Tricksy would have been off to Kenya like a shot. Nothing to lose. Much to gain. Queer that the money and position he had battled for should now let him down.

That evening just before dinner Tricksy must have noticed that he was at high tension.

"Anything wrong, Lin?" she asked. "Business worries?"

"Business worries," he said, nodding.

HE remembered question and answer later when he had sat on alone drinking '87 port in the huge dining-room. Suppose he had had business worries, suppose some disaster had happened and ruin stared him in the face, nothing would keep her from Kenya then.

He poured out another glass of port.

An hour later he was thinking, "She knows nothing about my affairs—nobody does. She'd never suspect," and was sipping his fifth glass of port.

Not cricket? Life wasn't. Besides, it was she who hadn't played the game. She couldn't complain of a foul. No.

The sound of a piano led him on slightly unsteady legs to the little sitting-room that country cousins called Tricksy's boudoir.

"I've bad news," he said bluntly, and collapsed into the biggest armchair.

Tricksy sat at the piano like a statue while he spoke of the tremendous repercussions of a notorious City failure. Unmoved she heard him admit that clients' money had been used in an irregular way.

"To-day," said Linley at length, "I had a knock-out blow. A prosecution. It means ruin."

"I—I saw you were frightfully worried," she said. "Poor Lin!"

He talked of liquidators and receivers and consequences. He declared the house would be sold. He was still droning on, his voice expressionless and thick, when the telephone bell rang.

"For you," said Tricksy, holding out the receiver.

"Not to-night," she heard him say. "Sorry. Quite impossible. Mountains of work."

As he jammed the receiver on its hook she said:

"Sounded like Jean's voice."

"It was Jean. Some business mess she's in. Wants my advice. She must wait. I've more than enough worries of my own. Well—to work! I've oceans to see to to-night."

TRICKSY made no effort whatever to detain him. She did not even trouble to appear conventionally upset. She was obviously thinking of some one thing to the exclusion of every other. He guessed—he felt sure he knew—what she thought about. Barnard and Kenya.

He wondered as he went downstairs whether she was at that moment ringing up the Earl's Court flat. Later on, in his locked study he heard her voice in the hall, followed by the shutting of the front door. Gone to say "Yes" in person, he surmised. He mixed himself a whisky-and-soda and settled himself in a deep armchair. P'raps she wouldn't come back.

At 1 o'clock he awoke, yawned, stretched, remembered and shivered. A dirty trick. Tricksy! But that Tricksy had been dead years. He went upstairs. A light shone under Tricksy's door. Back, then. He had slid into his pyjamas when a soft scratching at the door startled him. He went to it, opened it, and found Tricksy in her dressing-gown.

"I've been to see Jean," she said to his dismay.

"What for?" he demanded, and was glad her back was turned on him as she sauntered into the room. "What on earth made you dream of going to see her?"

(*Continued on page 50*)

THEATRICAL AUTUMN ACTIVIT

"STREET SCENE," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Comedy and tragedy are intermingled in this fine New York play by Elmer Rice. Above is a tragic scene showing Frank Maurrant (David Landau) holding off the mob with a revolver after murdering his wife and her lover in the apartment house seen at the back

Comedy in progress in "Street Scene." Filippo Fiorentino (Stanley Vilven), an Italian musician, passes the time of—a very hot—day with Rose Maurrant (Erin O'Brien Moore), the daughter of the murderer. The kind-hearted Filippo provides most of what used to be known as "comic relief"

Sydney Howard and Leslie Henson in a scene from "It's a Boy," a new farcical comedy, produced at the redecorated and re-upholstered Strand Theatre on Monday last

"Street Scene" again. Left: Anna Maurrant (Mary Servoss) regaled with gossip by Emma Jones (Margaret Moffat) when taking a member of the cast, Queenie (Peggy of Battersea) out for an airing

"ELDORADO," AT DALY'S THEATRE

One of the big hits in this musical comedy is seen above, where Jerry Verno, a very clever comedian, as a sort of Charley's Aunt, surrounded by the chorus, is seen singing "Aren't We Little Devils?" On the left Ramon Cortez and Flora Harte in one of their speciality tango dances, which are another popular feature in "Eldorado"

FURTHER ACTIVITIES on the WEST END FRONT

One of the events of the Season is the production of Noel Coward's new comedy, "Private Lives," at a new theatre, the Phoenix. Above, as well as right and left, are scenes from this play. The top one shows Adrienne Allen and Laurence Olivier with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, burdened with luggage, making a quiet exit. On the left are Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, while on the right the other couple in the play, Adrienne Allen and Laurence Olivier, appear once more. For the guidance of those unacquainted with the site of this new theatre, it may be added that the Phoenix is situated in Phoenix Street, Charing Cross Road

A scene from "Charlot's Masquerade," at the Cambridge Theatre, an item in this revue, called "Tempus Fugit," in which Beatrice Lillie (centre) takes part. The other characters are taken by George Benson (left), J. H. Roberts (left centre), while on the right, surrounded by a crowd, his head decorated with a "gent's natty straw boater," is Reginald Smith

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1930—HUNTING PROSPECTS—1931 By "Bridle"

A meet of the Blackmore Vale at Sherborne Castle, the seat of the Master, Lieut-Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield-Digby. This hunt is having a very successful cubbing season, bagging nine and a half brace in their first nine mornings

Bright Outlook

THE fox-hunting prospects for the coming season are, generally speaking, exceptionally favourable. From practically every country in the Shires and provinces a good show of foxes is reported, and although hounds have been rather handicapped by the density of the coverts, and in some of the Midland territories by poor scent also during the earlier part of cubbing operations, the young entry has put in a lot of very useful work.

Better Than Last Year

OWING to the exceptionally late harvest the majority of packs were unable to get to work among the litters of cubs until considerably later than was the case last year. But it will be remembered that practically throughout the whole of the cub-hunting season of twelve months ago, sport was greatly marred by drought, macadam-like going, both in covert and in the open, bad scenting conditions and, in low-lying countries, heavy mist. Neither Masters nor their huntsmen have had very much to grumble about in regard to such drawbacks since the opening of the present cubbing season. In point of fact, amongst other famous packs, the Quorn, Duke of Rutland's (the Belvoir), Meynell, Earl of Harrington's, Fernie, South Staffordshire, Albrighton, Warwickshire, Pytchley, and Woodland Pytchley have already accounted for their full quota of masks. We venture to say, however, that the Blackmore Vale's score of nine and a half brace in their first nine mornings cubbing will prove very bad to beat. Major K. E. Wingfield Digby, Hon. Secretary of the latter Hunt, writes us to the effect that Tom Bunch, first whipper-in to the "B.V.H.," is again in the saddle. Everyone who knows this excellent and efficient servant will be glad to hear of his recovery from the crashing fall on the "tarmac" which he experienced during the opening week last November.

(*Continued on page 41*)

L.N.A.

The Earl of Harewood, who hunts the Bramham Moor, leading the field to the covert-side. Immediately behind him is seen Princess Mary, who is a very keen follower of this famous Yorkshire pack, whose kennels are at Hope Hall, Boston Spa

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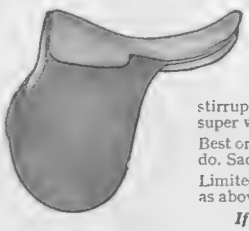

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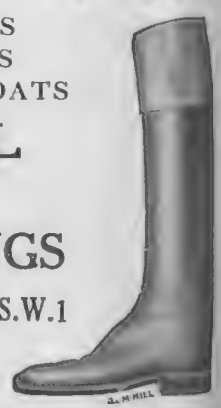

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HUNTING PROSPECTS (continued from page 39)

Notable Changes

CONSIDERING that there are well over two hundred recognised packs of foxhounds in England and Wales, Scotland and Southern Ireland, it is only natural that numerous changes in regard to Hunt personnel should have occurred since the finish of last season. In every case, however, the vacancies left by deceased or retiring masters have been filled; while with the exception of the Gelligaer and Talybont and the Llanayron hounds, both of which Welsh packs have been disbanded, the total of establishments is, I believe, the same as that of 1929. The names of the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. H. C. Cox, of Malmesbury, Wilts, appear on the revised "BYSTANDER List of Foxhounds" as Joint-Masters of the Beaufort. His Grace will, presumably, hunt hounds himself again this season. Mr. A. H. Higginson succeeds Lord Digby as Joint-Master with the Rev. A. E. Milne, of the Cattistock. I understand that the latter noted sportsman and judge of a hound and a horse will, as usual, carry the horn. Mr. W. J. Baird has, since the tragic death of Col. S. J. Green, ruled over the Cottesmore country unassisted, and Major B. Hardy, having resigned from the Joint-Mastership of the Meynell, Mr. C. Hilton-Green is carrying on alone, and hunting hounds in his usual workmanlike method to boot. If I remember rightly, this talented amateur huntsman accounted for no fewer than sixty brace of foxes last season. In view of the fact that a splendid show of foxes is again reported from every side of the Meynell country it would not surprise if Mr. Hilton-Green did even better this year. Major A. E. Burnaby, whose tenure of the famous Quorn territory has proved such an unqualified success, shares office with Sir Harold Nutting, Bart., of Quenby Hall, Leicester. Capt. G. E. Bellville is now sole Master and huntsman of the Woodland Pytchley.

L.N.A

Followers of the Quorn at the Coplow covert. Under the Joint-Mastership of Major A. E. Burnaby and Sir Harold Nutting, the Quorn started the cubbing season with very satisfactory results

MR. S. G. R. BARRATT

He hunts the Old Berkeley with Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, having assumed Joint-Mastership of the pack this season

Sport and General

Another photograph of the field at a meet of the Quorn moving off to draw the first covert. The pack, which comprises 70 couples, is one of the most famous in the country

Some Prominent Masters

COLONEL DOUGLAS SECKHAM succeeds the late Sir H. Villiers Forster in the Joint-Mastership of the South Stafford Hounds in conjunction with Mr. W. T. Norton; Brig.-General A. D. Miller will be ably assisted in the South Oxfordshire country by Brig.-General E. S. Hoare-Nairne, and Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Shardeloes, Amersham, whose family has for many years been closely associated with the Old Berkeley, will be joined by Mr. S. G. R. Barratt in the Mastership of this pack. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake has hunted hounds himself for the past five seasons. Many changes other than those mentioned

(Continued on page 43)

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HUNTING PROSPECTS (continued from page 41)

Followers of the Pytchley at a meet held at Cottesbrooke. The Prince of Wales, who often rode to hounds with this famous pack, which is hunted by Lt.-Col. J. G. Lowther and Mr. R. L. Tree, is seen in the centre foreground

herein have taken place among English packs of foxhounds, a far greater number indeed than can possibly be announced within the limits of our present somewhat restricted space.

Scottish and Irish Packs

ONLY one change with regard to Mastership has, I believe occurred in the Scottish foxhunting countries since last season. That fine sportswoman, Mrs. J. A. Coates, joins her husband, Major J. A. Coates, Master of the Eglinton. The remaining nine Scottish packs, including the Berwickshire, Duke of Buccleuch's, Dumfriesshire, and the Fife remain under the same "governing powers" as before. I may mention that some of these northern countries are quite equal to many of the better-known hunting territories in the south, east and west of England; while the strong wild foxes which inhabit them take a deuce of a lot of catching. Still, not one southron fox-

Mr. A. C. Edmonstone, who hunts the Fernie with Colonel Sir Harold Wernher, and Mrs. Edmonstone. The latter is the sister of Mr. Marshall Field

Photographs *L.N.A.*

Major A. E. Burnaby, Joint-Master of the Quorn with Sir Harold Nutting. He is seen with Mrs Burnaby

hunter in a hundred could say that he had ever had a day with hounds beyond the Scottish Border.

The same remark applies to the wonderful hunting possibilities of the South of Ireland, or, as it is known to-day, the Irish Free State. Comparatively few English sportsmen have "tried their luck" with the "Blazers," the East Galway, the Louth, Meath, or Kildare, the respective countries of which consist almost entirely of fine old pasture divided by unmortared stone walls, banks, and, in some parts of Kildare, Louth, and Meath, banks and ditches and wide drains. The very best of hunting may be had with these packs—and for that matter with most Irish packs. Wire is virtually unknown; the going is almost invariably good; one meets most charming people in the field; subscriptions and caps are exceedingly moderate; and last, but by no means least, providing a stranger proves himself to be a good sportsman, he may still have a rattling time in the south and west of Ireland, with plenty of good rough shooting and fishing, if he cares for

(Continued on page 45)

The Finest Whisky on 'Record'

HUNTING PROSPECTS (continued from page 43)

The Grafton moving off to draw after a meet at Easton, near Towcester. The Joint-Masters of the pack, which numbers 50 couples, are Major V. D. S. Williams and Mr. A. E. G. Guinness

The Meynell, which hunts country in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, at a meet at Walton. Major B. Hardy, having resigned from the Joint-Mastership, Mr. C. Hilton-Green is carrying on alone as Master

Photographs *Sport and General*

The Duke of Beaufort taking hounds to a meet. Hounds, which meet six days a week, are hunted jointly by His Grace and Mr. H. C. Cox

it, on non-hunting days. The country is now quite peaceful and law-abiding; the Customs officials are courteous and efficient; and a friend who has recently returned from a shooting visit to Galway assures us that no difficulty need be experienced in taking either horses or guns across.. We purpose in the near future writing more fully on Irish hunting. In the meanwhile we record the following changes of Mastership: Co. Galway ("The Blazers")—Lord Altamont joins Mr. Rowes Daly, Major A. Waller succeeds Mr. F. A. Kenny as Master of the East Galway, Sir George Colthurst, Bart., and Capt. A. H. Hornby become Joint-Masters of the Muskerry, Mr. A. Pollok retires from the Limerick, leaving Mr. H. S. Persse in command, and the Queen's Country Hunt Committee have appointed Major M. C. Hamilton and Mr. M. P. Minch Joint-Masters of that sporting pack.

Melton Awakens

A PASSING visit to the Mecca of the foxhunting world, Melton Mowbray, during the "dead season" would, no doubt, lead a stranger to believe that, with the exception of the beautiful old parish church and here and there an ancient and picturesque half-timbered building, it is a decidedly sleepy and uninteresting town surrounded by flat and by no means beautiful scenery. On market days, when sporting farmers from every part of the Midlands forgather in the pigmean corn exchange and the fine cattle market to sell their produce and discuss "bad times and good huntin'," the town assumes quite a lively appearance. But not until November and the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate will Melton Mowbray be seen at her best, though great preparations are already being made for what promises to be a brilliant season.

A Plea for the Farmer

WE appeal to hunting readers of THE BYSTANDER loyally to support the farmers over whose land they ride by purchasing hay and oats direct from them. Having lived for a long period in the heart of an agricultural district, we have no hesitation in saying that the present position of the average farmer is simply appalling, a situation which is largely due to the dumping of cheap Soviet, German, French and other foreign corn into our markets at an almost lower price than our countrymen can afford to grow their produce. Indeed, we know of more than one Midland husbandman who, to pay the wages of his labourers, has actually been compelled to sell his corn at a dead loss. We also happen to know that not a few hunting people who gallop over these hard-hit men's farms without let or hindrance purchased last season nothing but foreign corn; and, worse still, that

HUNTING PROSPECTS (continued)

L.N.A.

The Old Berkeley, one of the best-supported packs in the Home Counties, moving off from a meet at Shardeloes, Amersham, the seat of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who is Joint-Master with Mr. S. G. R. Barratt

the Joint-Masters of a certain well-known pack of hounds, actually fed the hunt horses with Pomeranian oats in preference to those grown by the farmers of their own territory; the excuse being that the Pomeranians were of rather better weight than the home-grown oats. Such behaviour on the part of an M.F.H. must appeal to any well-conditioned English sportsman as being inexplicable; and we will only add: Thank God there are but few Masters of Hounds in the kingdom of the same kidney. It may, perhaps, be easier to buy corn and hay from a merchant than from the farmers direct. It may also be possible to buy quite good-quality foreign oats at two or three shillings a quarter less than home-grown oats offered at a price that can hardly cover the cost of production. In any case, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the bounden duty of every true-bred British sportsman and sportswoman to assist by every means within their power the agriculturists of the Mother Country, and not the unwashed—albeit enterprising—alien.

The Belvoir, one of the most famous hunts in England, moving off. The hunt dates from 1750, and save from 1830–57 the mastership had been held by the reigning Duke of Rutland till 1896

The Unwritten Laws of the Chase

We would also remind some tyro foxhunters who are prone to forget that, although unwritten, there are well-defined and established laws of the chase against which no sportsman worthy the title should transgress. One of the most simple and yet one of the most important rules of venery is the closing of a gate by the last man through. There is nothing more annoying to a farmer than to find his stock straying owing to the carelessness of some irresponsible follower of the Hunt in not closing a gate. If there is no one following you at the tail end of a run it is up to you to swing the gate to. Riding over growing corn or freshly drilled seeds is also a heinous crime in the hunting field, and every farmer has a deeply rooted objection to people schooling their horses over his fences when hounds are not running. It should be borne in mind that but for the courtesy and goodwill of the farmers the premier of British field sports would cease to be.

"Bridle."

The famous Belvoir bitches at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, who owns the pack and the kennels. Practically every hunt has a Belvoir strain in the hounds

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LABELS AND LIBELS

and a Terrible Tale

By Ralph Straus

THE Grand Tour, it would seem, still has its attractions for our Bright Young Men, though these days they prefer—and I don't blame them—to travel without those wise and (superficially) respectable mentors upon whom their great-grandfathers would have insisted. Commendably, too, they do not take too much for granted. They "see things for themselves," which can sometimes be a most exciting pursuit. And when they come home to write their books—the death-duties and similar financial delights more or less drive them into print—they may reasonably hope for material as well as spiritual rewards.

THE latest grand tourist to return in safety (and with book all complete) is Mr. Evelyn Waugh, whose *Labels* (Duckworth 8*s.* 6*d.*) is very good fun. I am not surprised to find the Book Society putting it on their recommended list. In places it is lively, but in places it is rather severe, and that is just as it should be. Mr. Waugh saw much that was terribly bogus (or, should I say, humbug-making?) and much that was genuinely queer. He began well by informing the gossip-writers that he was going to Russia, but once on board the good ship Stella Polaris, which was "doing" the Mediterranean, he decided that Russia might well be left to get on without him. Instead, he went to Monte Carlo and Naples, to Port Said and Malta, to Constantinople (which you must call Stamboul these days) and Athens. And, returning, he took a peep at Venice, whose traffic problems are less serious than ours, looked in at Barcelona, where the architecture is a trifle "gaudy"—you must read the book to understand my joke—and came home by Gibraltar and Lisbon.

I ADMIT that I was expecting a rather more impertinent book, for I have heard Evelyn Waugh described as the second most impertinent young man in London. (The name of the first will be sent under cover, on application, if the necessary stamps are enclosed.) But if the book be not impertinent, it is piquant and entertaining, and, of course, pleasantly outspoken. The Sphinx somewhat naturally failed to impress this new crusader. As a piece of sculpture he found it "hopelessly inadequate to its fame," and "just about as inscrutable and enigmatic as Mr. Aleister Crowley," who may or may not be pleased with the comparison.

IN Pompeii the object that most interested him was "the plaster cast of the suffocated dog." In Port Said (about which we are promised a novel) the naughtier side of life was duly investigated, but—whether fortunately or not for the reader I will not say—since the War that one-time "sink" has been thoroughly scoured, and even the "special" dances, which in the bad old days were practically made compulsory to all visiting males, are now little more than silly displays of sillier antics. Incidentally, one is glad to learn the proper tip to be given to a local bishop in those Eastern places. Three and not two piastres is the correct episcopal present.

A jolly book, then, in which Mr. Waugh manages to advertise quite a number of picturesque objects, including himself. I enjoyed every word of his book, and have no hesitation in recommending it even to those who have been collecting rare labels for years.

CARL VAN VECHTEN

The author of "Parties," the novel dealing with wild night life in New York. It is published by Knopf at 7s. 6d., and is reviewed on this page

FROM labels to libels; but perhaps they are not really libels at all. If you take up *Parties* (Knopf: 7*s.* 6*d.*), Carl Van Vechten's new novel, you will be introduced to a few presumably "smart" New Yorkers whose one object in life is to get and remain bestially drunk (if not drugged) from morning to night. They do remain drunk, and it is not a particularly edifying sight. Occasionally — very occasionally—they say something witty, but I found some difficulty in becoming interested in their antics. As for the wisp of a story which is introduced, when the author remembers its existence, it is stupidly nasty.

NOW I am an admirer of Mr. Van Vechten's work, whether it be serious or some gay trifle; but how is one to take a book like this? Is it meant for satire, or do such people exist? Prohibition, I know, has much to answer for, and it was, I believe, New York where the wild party was invented. But whether or no the round dozen of them which are described in such detail here are "taken from life," is there any reason why Mr. Van Vechten should waste his time over such puerile affairs? It may be amusing for a man to believe that he has killed a friend in a drunken stupor, it may even be slightly funny for a man to be unfaithful to his wife in order to enjoy forgiveness and a second honeymoon by and by; but it is really rather dull to find the same people going to all the parties, and doing all the same things over and over again. (Even if they really do.)

ONCE, I admit, Mr. Van Vechten permits one of his slightly sinister young men to stab another young man to death. (The fellow was trying to seduce the apparently quite seducible wife of one of his friends.) Once, too, he lightens his picture agreeably enough by bringing the septuagenarian Gräfin Adele von

(Continued on page 50)

The original jacket for "Labels" the new book of travel by Evelyn Waugh. It is published by Duckworth at 8s. 6d.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 48)

Pulmernl und Stilzernl on to the scene—the old lady is the one person who does seem to be enjoying herself at the parties—but for the life of me I cannot understand why he should ever have thought such futile folk, of no importance whatever, worthy of his pen. You may, of course, be highly amused; you may be quite pleasantly shocked: but, for myself, I was merely bored.

A VERY different kind of novel is Mr. J. C. Grant's *The Back-to-Backs* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*) This is a book which is almost bound to shock you, not because it calls a spade a spade, but because of its truly terrible pictures of life in a mining village in the North-east of England. It is, I do believe, one of the most terrible tales I have ever read—so terrible that I was constantly asking myself whether the author—in spite of the fact that he is obviously writing from first-hand information—was not being guilty of unfair exaggeration.

ONE knows, of course, that life in the mines is hard. It is dangerous. But is it the one long series of horrors that Mr. Grant so vividly describes? I do not know, but I do say that this story of a family of miners, which in the course of a few years is wholly wiped out is a pitiless tragedy such as rarely steals into print. The father commits suicide on the death, by burning, of his elder son. The mother dies of premature old age. The younger son, dreadfully hurt in an accident underground, lingers on, on his back, and finally suffocates himself when he realises that the girl whom he loves has only pity for him. That, however, is but the barest outline of things. Mr. Grant shows you these miners for the primitive beings some of them are: he shows you them pursuing their women and fighting their own flesh and blood. Yet he does not ignore their finer qualities, and it is just this fact which leads you to the uncomfortable conclusion that you have been reading the truth. The book is stark and savage and wholly unforgetable. And it is a first novel. I imagine that most people will share my enthusiasm about it, even though they are appalled at some of its scenes. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PROCESSION OF LOVERS. By Lloyd Morris. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. By Eleanor Reid. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)
THE CALENDAR. By Edgar Wallace. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER. By Siegfried Sassoon. (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.)
THE SEAT BETWEEN. By George Blake. (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.)
THE TICKER TAPE MURDER. By Milton Propper. (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.)
THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS. By E. Barrington. (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)
THE CAT OF HEAVEN. By Pierre Loving. (H. Toulmin: 7s. 6d.)
PARTIES. By Carl Von Vechten. (Knopf: 7s. 6d.)
A SOVIET MARRIAGE. By Paul Trent. (T. Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.)
ONE FLESH. By Rosita Forbes. (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)
COLLECTED POEMS. By A. Gordon Bennett. (Duckworth: 8s. 6d.)
AND ALL BECAUSE. By Denise Robins. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
WHEN THE GODS LAUGHED. By Leslie Roberts. (Sampson Low: 7s. 6d.)
DANGER RIVER. By Clyde Eddy. (Skeffington: 18s.)
ONE OF US IS A MURDERER. By Alan Le May. (Jarrold: 7s. 6d.)
BOTH OF THE PARISH. By J. S. Fletcher. (Jarrold: 7s. 6d.)
KING HENRY THE RAKE. By Clament Wood. (Jarrold: 12s. 6d.)
MONSOON MUSIC. By M. B. Petersen. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

Books in Brief

***INTRIGUE ISLAND.* By Arthur Mills. (Collins 7s. 6d.)**

China seas—secret service—the hero in love with another man' wife—Ming Cha in love with him—Mr. Mills knows how to make the most of his materials. A good yarn.

***SIR JOHN MAGILL'S LAST JOURNEY.* By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)**

The September choice of the Crime Club. Another Inspector French case. Mysterious death of an old gentleman who travelled from London to Belfast. Quite a number of people stand to gain by his death—a son, a nephew, and his secretary among them. And French has a difficult time unravelling the various thread which seem to stretch over most of the British Isles. But unravel them he does, in his own dogged way, and all is well.

***KING HENRY THE RAKE.* By Clement Wood. (Jarrolds: 12s. 6d.)**

They will not leave the old boy alone. Here is another "reconstruction," of Henry VIII and his various wives, half biography, half fiction. Naughty in parts. One-sided portrait of the king. Conversations sometimes a little stiff. Nothing particularly new about it but a readable study.

***DEATH IN A DECK-CHAIR.* By Milward Kennedy. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)**

Another old gentleman neatly slaughtered in broad daylight while innocently watching the sad sea waves. Good staff work on the part of the police. Pleasant writing on the part of the author. And a climax sufficiently unexpected.

BOOMERANG (continued from page 33)

"Your—ties," said she solemnly, then smiled. "Everything about you. I—suspected. I wanted to find out—*had* to find out. So I went. She didn't want to let me in. I forced my way up. I thought p'raps you were there. I found a young man. She was frightfully anxious I shouldn't mention his being there. I gather you—disapprove. Lin, don't be hard on them. I believe they honestly care for each other."

So Jean had telephoned that evening to make sure the coast was clear! A youngster up there. Rage like a flaming liquid swirled in him.

"I told her she wasn't to worry," Tricksy went on. "I remembered the allowance you are jolly enough to give her. I guessed it was the loss of that which was bothering her. I told her she'd still get it, whatever happened."

In consternation he stared at her.

"Whatever happened! You didn't tell her that I——"

"Not one syllable. I let out nothing. As though I would. But I saw I'd wronged you, and I came away feeling small—but happy."

"Happy? Why? What did it matter to you?" he demanded, then blurted out, "And, anyhow, what about Barnard?"

She started, glanced and said:

"Satan finds, you know. It's been a folly. Nothing more. It might have been—it *would* have been more. Much more. Only it won't be now. Ever. It's over. Lin, I felt I couldn't tell you when I was—thinking what I *did* think about you and Jean. Now I can. For years and years I've been putting by. I've got £5,000—quite that—tucked away. Nobody can collar that, can they? It's mine. But if it would save you, it's yours. Every cent."

He could only glare at her.

"You must do as you think best," she went on. "I wondered if it would be wiser to keep it so that we could carry on in a cottage somewhere. Lin——"

"Yes?"

He tried to concentrate his seething mind on what she had to say.

"I've not forgotten all the early times. When you slaved and fought so hard—for me. We've drifted a bit, haven't we? And now we've had a jolt. I'd like to show you I'm not altogether a rotter."

"You—you have," he said, uttering the three words with difficulty.

"I just wanted you to know that I've had the thick and mean to stick the thin. Anything I *can* do I will do."

A silence fell.

She went to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"It's bad for you keeping it all bottled up. It's a ghastly strain, I know. But you feel you can't talk to me. I'm a stranger—pretty well. But we could put up a fight, we two. We did before. And won. We'd win again. May I help? Think it over. Good-night, old boy."

Hours later he sat staring at the tallboy.

That lie of his had sent Tricksy to see Jean. That lie had done in the damned little snake. It had done in the sweep Barnard, too. It had brought the old Tricksy back to life.

Boomerang—that was it—boomerang!

THE most tactful thing Linley ever did was to lie to the last. He accepted the loan of that £5,000. On it, he subsequently assured Tricksy he weathered the storm. Six weeks later he repaid the debt with a sable coat as interest and proposed a little holiday in Paris.

From Paris Linley wrote to his secretary:

"Tell Webbs to fetch away that tallboy in my dressing-room and put it in their next sale." G. F.

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VALAZE REFINING LOTION regulates the colour, remedying a too deep tone, curing broken veins and puffiness under the eyes 5/6, 10/6

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SHOOTING NOTES

HEDGEROW PHEASANTS

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH, legally, pheasant shooting opens on October 1, no organised covert shoots will take place until such time as the still dense undergrowth in the woodlands is thin enough to render beating operations practicable. But to a keen sportsman who likes to maintain the time-honoured usages of shooting, and who is content to bag a brace or two of wild pheasants and a few head of various, a walk round the "outsides" with — or without — a brother "sentimentalist" and a couple of steady, close-working spaniels on a crisp early October morning has its charms.

HEDGEROW pheasant shooting is also a useful means of teaching a novice how to handle a gun, of entering a young gun, or steadying an old one in the more important work to come. Many a cock pheasant, rising like a rocket from a thick double hedgerow, a clump of blackberry vines, or a belt of young firs, has left a rattling good game-shot wondering, as he watched a couple of tail feathers fluttering to the earth, how the devil he managed to "muff" such a big and blundering bird. To be perfectly candid, I should like to have a "tenner" for every hedgerow longtail I have missed during rather more than thirty seasons. I promise you such misses would represent quite a considerable sum of money. By way of excuse for such bad marksmanship, one might mention that an October wild-bred pheasant is almost invariably a better flier than his hand-reared kindred.

FAIRLY early in the morning is the best time of day to work the boundary fences, especially those bordering upon wheat and barley stubbles, which form the morning feeding-grounds of the birds. When possible, let the dogs hunt up-wind, and in the event of your having a youngster in the earlier stages of training, run him either on a light check-rope or with a real good old stager, who will—if the puppy be not too wild and excitable, in which case the check-rope should be brought into play—teach him a lot in regard to this particular side of his duties.

WALKING up partridges during the early part of September affords, of course, still better opportunities of entering a young retriever or spaniel to game. Nevertheless, hedgerow work is very useful training, not only in regard to teaching a dog to face the brambles and similar thorny "rough stuff" of the doubles, but also in finding and retrieving both fur and feather. Apart from an occasional pheasant, an old "redleg," a hare, and almost certainly a few rabbits may be found in the dense hedge bottoms, slips of spinney, rough grass, and other holding cover which so often obtains round the boundaries of a shoot. Some men are averse to running a young dog through a thick hedgerow on a trash-cord. Personally, however, I have never experienced any "hanging up" trouble in working a puppy by means of that most useful implement, even in a dense thicket. I may mention that I invariably use window-cord attached to a polo ball in preference to any other kind of line and the more orthodox ring. Such cord does not kink, and the ball, being white, is easy to see in the heaviest of covert, and from its rolling properties not liable to catch in low branches, bushes, etc.

A deer-stalking party returning down Glen Doil, Forfarshire. Mrs. T. B. Thornton, who is seen on the leading pony, bagged three stags in one day

DURING the afternoon outlying pheasants resort to the nearest root-field for shade and to hunt for grubs and other dainties of insectiform nature. Taking pot shots at "longtails" as they blunder up from a patch of knee-high mangolds or turnips is not a particularly exciting kind of sport. But partridges also find their way to the roots at about the same time as the pheasants, and a brace or two of the little brown birds will make a welcome addition to the bag.

Good Prospects

FIRST-RATE covert shooting is again anticipated on the majority of the principal preserves throughout the country. I continue to receive almost daily most excellent reports regarding the pheasant crop from various parts of the Midlands, Norfolk, Suffolk, Hampshire, Merioneth, and other North Wales counties where game-rearing is practised on a considerable scale. The weather conditions during the period of modification were eminently favourable, the batch of pheasants was essentially good, and although in some areas a rather serious mortality occurred among the young birds from gapes—assisted by drought, but the July rains saved a more serious epidemic.

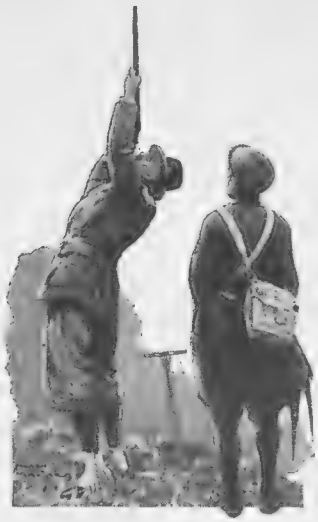
At Thetford

IN a letter dated July 20, Sir John Dewrance, in writing about the prospects of his famous manor of Wretham Hall, Thetford, said, "We have had a splendid hatch of pheasants and partridges, but owing to the recent drought a good many birds were lost from gapes. The young birds are now mostly in the corn, and, therefore, it is difficult to estimate the loss. But we have recently had good rains, and it should prove to be a very good season." There is but little doubt that the coming covert-shooting season will be a remarkably good one.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

PREPARE THE RABBIT GROUND

ALTHOUGH no serious preserver of game has a good word to say of the rabbit, the fact remains that when it is present on the ground, and the farmer has not claimed it for his own, the sport it is capable of providing justifies all the work necessary by way of preparation. Everyone is aware of the three days of strenuous labour which are required prior to a shoot to get them out of their holes and stop the earths, not to forget protecting them from disturbance while they settle down in whatever rough covert is available. This is the routine, without which there are none but odd bunnies to kick out of the grass when conditions are favourable for lying out. Earlier and equally important preparations concern the clearing of bracken and scrub in the open so that an advancing line of shooters shall find a clear track for walking, with strips of open at convenient intervals. In the coverts a number of stands can be prepared by removing stray branches and bottom growth. The sport obtainable after quite a moderate effort by way of what may be termed forestry operations is an eye-opener to those familiar only with neglected areas. When Christmas arrives and game is scarce the humble rabbit, well shown, justifies a lot of hard work with scythe and slasher.



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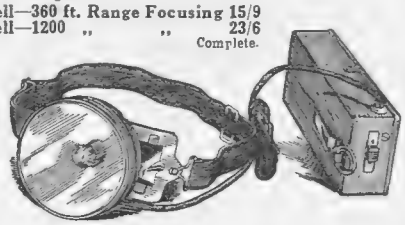

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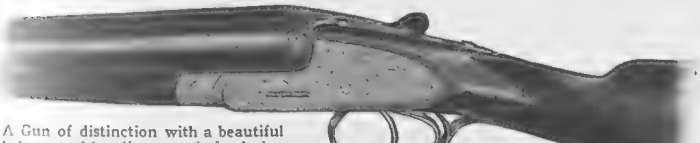

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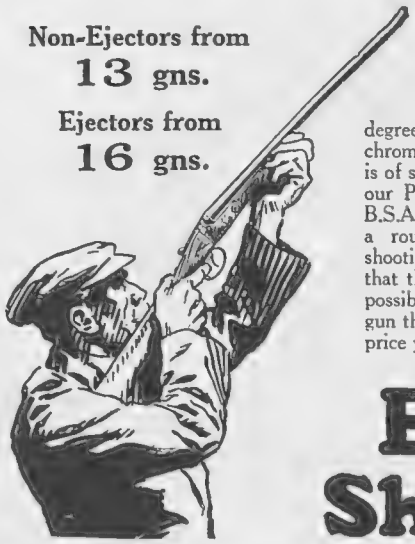

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THE GREAT WINTER GAME GETS GOING

Sport and General

A GOOD PASS

T. G. Jennings (Old Blues) takes a well-handed pass in the match played against the Old Paulines on the latter's new ground at Thames Ditton. The home team signalised the opening of the ground by beating their visitors by 16 points to 3

Topical

PROFESSIONAL PURCHASES

Chelsea's two star purchases, Alec Jackson and Hugh Gallagher, who cost the bulk of £16,000 odd Chelsea paid for "stars" to win their way to the top of the League table and win the Cup. So far they have not proved by any means an unqualified success to their new side

Sport and General

A photograph taken on the Old Paulines' new ground at Thames Ditton after it had been opened by Mr. W. T. Pearce, the President of the R.F.U. Seated are Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies, R.N. (left), who took a line in the match; Brian Cumberlege, the referee; Vice-Admiral P. M. R. Roydes, a former President of the R.F.U.; Major-General Sir F. Maurice, the President of the Old Paulines R.F.C.; Mr. W. T. Pearce, the President of the R.F.U., and Mr. R. J. Hillard, who was the other linesman

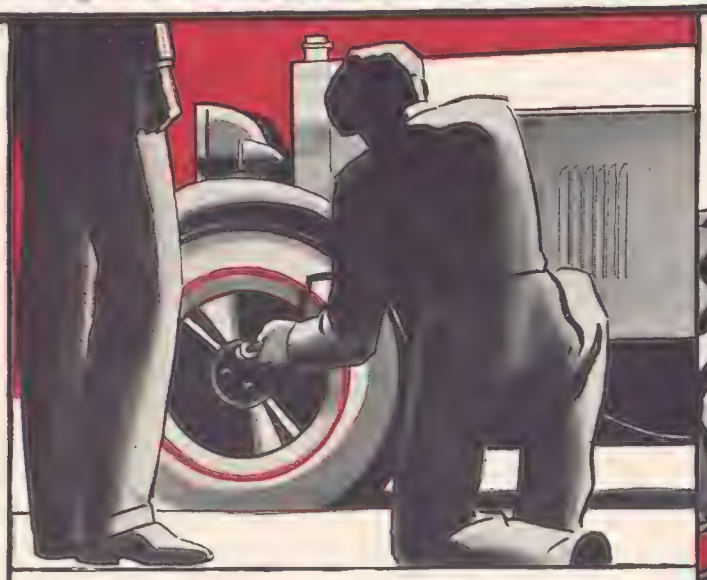
Central Press

A Rosslyn Park player gets the ball smartly away when brought down by a Blackheath man in the recent match at the Rectory Field. The "Heathens" won a very evenly contested match by 9 points to 4

BY MORGAN RENDLE

"Was your former employer a keen rider to hounds, Waters?"
"Oh, no, sir. He just rode on and off, so to speak, sir"

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RED RING



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autumn fashions

Model, H. J. Nicoll *Exclusive* BYSTANDER *photograph by Lenare*

During the last few years the number of women M.F.H.s has steadily increased. Only a few weeks ago Lady Wharncliffe joined their ranks, and now the Duchess of Northumberland has consented to take her late husband's place as Master of the Percy. It seems safe to predict that the rules governing hunting kit will consequently be adhered to more rigidly than ever. Side saddle habits are de rigueur, and there are indications that the silk hat will again return to high favour. The new flat-brimmed model on this page comes from Scott's, as well as the bowler, a feature of which is the very short brim at the back

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT IN THE SHIRES

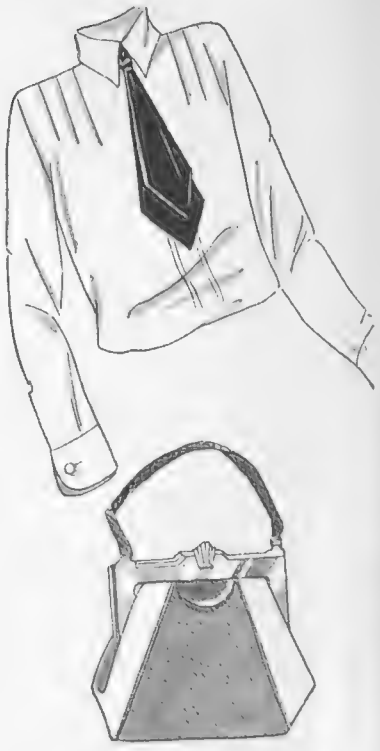
By Olive Caley Smith

SPORTS clothes are slightly longer than they were in the Spring. Tuck-in blouses of heavy satin accompany cardigan suits, which have skirts set into perfect fitting hip yokes, while silk shirts woven in exactly the same pattern as the tweeds they complement are a feature of the Autumn collections. Taffetas vests in tartan designs are another novelty, while moiré silk harmonises well with deep-toned homespuns. Many frocks have chemisettes with double belts at the waist, with double-breasted effects are regarded with great favour.

HAND-KNITTED jerseys look well with the new rough-surfaced tweeds. They are, in many cases, very short, and are crossed in front to look like waistcoats. Browns reign supreme, and coats of this hue are collared with beaver or otter, while magpie tweeds are enriched with black broadtail or galliac. Divided boleros, which only appear at the back, stiff little shoulder capes, and one-sided scarf effects are very smart, but there is much to be said in favour of simple wrap coats, slightly flared at the hem, with huge roll collars.

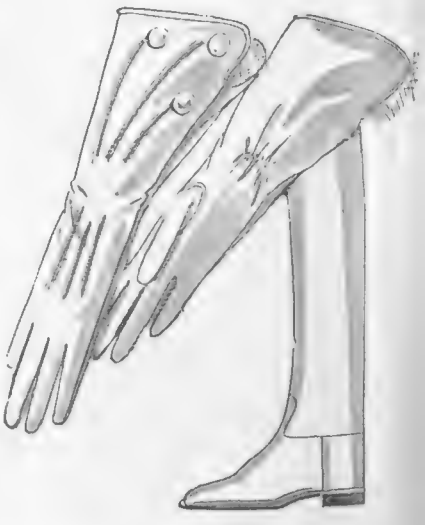
Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *by Lenare*

A fawn and brown Cumberland tweed coat which would be ideal for general country wear. It has been designed and tailored by M. Habetin, of Debenham and Freebody, and is enriched with natural musquash. Despite the fact that it is lined with flank musquash it has a very slender outline



Natural-coloured wool stockinette is used for this neat shirt from Woollands. It has a turned-down collar which fits perfectly, and can be made in many other colours

Havana-brown calf and morocco are combined in the bag with the crystal frame. It comes from Swan and Edgar, and so do the new fur-lined leather gauntlet gloves



No item of equestrian equipment is more important than faultless riding boots. These are hand made in French calf by Tom Hill, of 26, Brompton Road, who is an expert

Carved green beads, interspersed with paste and clouded crystal motifs, make this charming and very new flower necklace from Peter Robinson. There are matching ear-rings

Real flower models are used for these exquisite carnations, which come from Harvey Nichols. The evening handkerchief is of chiffon shading from orange to palest yellow

Paris decrees that evening shoes must fasten on the instep, like this black satin model at the London Shoe Company. The buckles are of pearl and crystal

An exquisite Lelong model from Robert Heath. The high waistline, so reminiscent of the Empire period, is emphasised by horizontal rows of velvet ribbon which form a deep band and thereafter fall to the feet in loose panels, which are posed on fine net. Black ring velvet expresses the simple bodice

A HISTORY lesson in the salons of the famous couturiers awaits those who try to trace the origin of the bygone modes which have obviously inspired the evening dresses of to-day. They have been gleaned from several eras, and remoulded in accordance with modern standards. There are modified versions of Empire dresses, demure Victorian frocks, and even stately mediæval gowns. Nor are these influences entirely confined to formal clothes, for they are discernible even in street suits and sports wear.

FIRST, there is the Empire gown, which reigned supreme at the Court of the ill-fated Josephine. Cut with a very high waistline, it has a décolleté bodice and a skirt which hangs in straight folds to the feet. Norman Hartnell emphasises this line by tiny jackets that terminate two inches above the natural waist. The Princess gown, which made a tentative appearance in the Spring, has fully established itself, and in its newest form moulds the figure down to the knees, after which it flares outwards to the ground.

THE Victorian influence is strongly marked, for it is seen in wraps, frocks, and accessories. Peplum tunics appear on day and evening dresses, and ruched edgings accent minaret frills and border short jackets. These are fitted to the waist, from whence stand out basques which vary in depth from about four to ten inches. Modified leg o' mutton sleeves are surprisingly attractive on fur coats, while bustle effects are achieved by draperies and spiral frills. There is also a vogue for mittens, made in the same fabric as the frock, and ornamented with jewels.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph By Lenare*

AT THE END OF A GOOD DAY'S RUN

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph by Lenare*

The welcoming glow of a bright fire after the tang of the wind: soft loose clothes after a day in the saddle:—what could be more pleasant than the thought of these studio suits, which are being worn increasingly for informal entertainments? The one on the left is made of shell-pink georgette and tinsel brocade. Small bells are sewn inside the wide sleeves, and a tunic skirt veils the wide trousers. In the centre a hyacinth-blue suit in floral taffetas has been banded below the knees in true navvy style, while the third model, which has a pointed cape, is expressed in pink crêpe de Chine, over which is arranged a trellis-work of vivid-hued ribbon. They come from Marshall and Snelgrove, and represent three important types

Some things persist in a changing World

Fashion's whims may alter modes and manners but the lovable Yardley Lavender is treasured by all dainty womanhood : One of the unchanging decrees of fashion and the best-loved perfume she ever sponsored.

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FLYING NOTES

L.N.A.

The Siskins, which comprise No. 43 Fighter Squadron of the R.A.F., roped together while flying in squadron formation. It was this squadron that had the honour of sending a flight to represent the R.A.F. at the recent Belgian Centenary Celebrations

THE MOTH OWNER CALLS AGAIN — By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Latest from Stag Lane

It must be very satisfactory to get orders for more than 100 aeroplanes in a week, all for customers who have called again. The Air Ministry has indented for 83 new Moths, the New Zealand Government eight, including a seaplane, and the Chinese Air Force ten, four of which are to have interchangeable float chassis. These orders are in addition to those from clubs and private owners throughout the world for the open two-seater, the Puss Moth and the Hawk Moth. Captain Matthews may have reached Australia in his Puss Moth by the time these Notes appear; he struck some appalling weather before reaching Baghdad, but otherwise his flight has been maintained with monotonous regularity. After showing the paces of the Puss Moth seaplane round the Baltic for a fortnight or so, including some fast trips with distinguished passengers, Colonel the Master of Sempill returned home viâ the long sea route from Stavanger to Aberdeen, making the passage solo in under four hours. His latest tour is but one of a series carried out during the last few years, and if British light seaplanes become as popular on the Continent as their opposite numbers on land, it will be due in no small degree to the pioneer work carried out by Colonel the Master of Sempill.

On Setting an Example

The average Britisher becomes an all-weather pilot for obvious depressing reasons from Iceland. The Heston people had very bad luck during their night flying week with so much dud weather, although in spite of the rain the two Moths were kept busy. The "Chance" floodlight paid a surprise visit to Brooklands for one night only, and it was on this occasion that Mr. George Murray, a well-known aerobatic pilot, and Mr. Lowdell, one of the Brooklands School instructors, took the air in half a gale of wind and rain for a little night-landing practice.

Speeding Up the Mails

The speed and reliability of aircraft for mail carrying having been proved so often, what is it that hinders the extension of air mail services all over the world? The lack of enterprise on the part of Governments generally is the principal reason, coupled with the blockade tactics adopted by individual Ministries, particularly Post-Offices, which are jealous of the authorities controlling the "air," the tortoise-like movements of Local Authorities who should be building aerodromes, and the poor support by the general public, which can create the demand if it wishes. Imperial Airways' service to India has been re-timed to allow replies by return of air post to become more practical. The African mail 'planes will be timed with a similar end in view, the service being due to start in January. Cairo becomes an important junction where mail from Central Africa to India will be transferred to the Delhi machines. India is still the weak link in the Empire chain, preventing the through route to Australia from becoming an immediate possibility. Its Government has some vague idea that Indian Nationals will be able to operate that section from Karachi to Rangoon, and in the meantime the Dutch are building up their organisation through India from Holland to Batavia, and the French to Indo-China, whilst we, who are responsible for India and its good behaviour, sit tight and do nothing about it.

Aerial Tourism

The urgent need of co-operation between National Touring Clubs in order to secure, amongst other things, simpler regulations for air travellers and the circulation of reliable data about aerodromes and air ports has been pointed out on more than one occasion by Mr. Ivor McClure, of the "A.A." According to his calculations, based on the rate of increase in the number of touring aircraft during the past five years, we shall have 12,000 such machines in England in 1935. Very careful thought is required at the present time in the construction of aerodromes, the planning of hangars, and the framing of rules and regulations if we are to avoid the inconveniences suffered by most motorists. Mr. McClure takes an example of the airman's carnet for foreign travel as one where the regulations might well be simplified. This document was based on the type used for motor cars, and contains many pages of queries to be answered—more than fifty—in order to enter and leave one country. The information entered on the carnet is a copy of particulars already contained in the logbooks which a machine must carry, and an aircraft being similar to a ship in this respect, it would seem reasonable to accept "ship's" papers at any frontier as being the only documents necessary.

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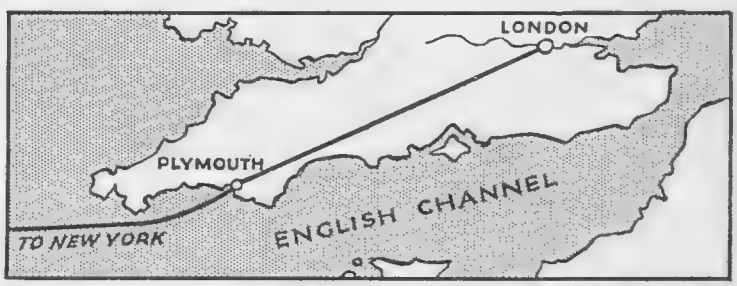

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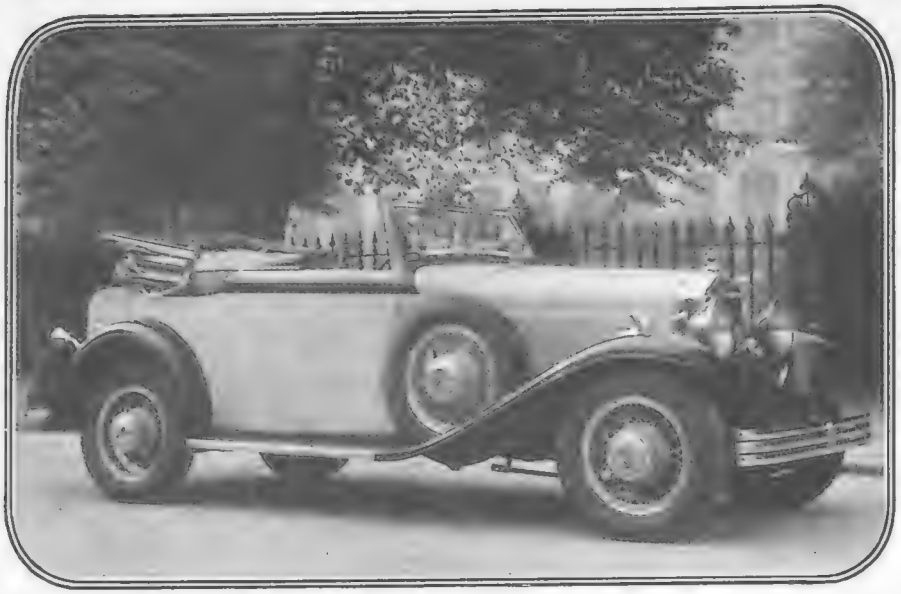
MOTOR NOTES

CREMATION FOR THE CAR

By E. M. Wright



A 27 h.p. Willys-Knight Sleeve-valve Six supplied to an Australian client. It is fitted with a specially built camping body which can be converted to form a bedroom

THE production of new cars has by no means reached saturation point. But already dealers are at their wits' end to dispose of ever-accumulating stocks of second-hand vehicles. Those of comparatively recent vintage can be sold without undue difficulty. But as time goes on more and more cars are becoming definitely obsolete and almost unsaleable. Their continued existence seriously affects the sales of new cars. For economic reasons, and in the interests, too, of public safety, such cars ought to be scrapped.

***

THE market is full to overflowing with old crocks which obstinately refuse to die and make way for cars of the younger generation, with the result that we are nearing an artificial saturation point. Thousands of owners buy a car "for keeps," and do not think of getting another till their old one is on the point of falling to pieces from sheer old age—and then they demand a handsome allowance for it in part exchange. Dealers in many cases, rather than lose business, have to allow fancy prices on cars which they know they can only sell at a heavy loss—if at all.

***

MANY owners may chuckle with glee at the ridiculously low prices charged for some of these genuine antiques. What, however, escapes their notice is that, were dealers not compelled yearly to lose money on such vehicles, they could offer thoroughly sound second-hand cars at lower average prices. And again, were the market freed of the thousands of worthless crocks the greater demand for new vehicles would result in price reductions consequent on increased output.

***

THIS problem of disposing of worn-out motor cars does not merely affect manufacturers and dealers. Old crocks are a serious menace to road safety. An owner may love his ancient bus as a mother loves her child. But every time he takes it on the road he is a potential source of danger to other road users. The density of motor traffic to-day demands that a car's brakes and steering shall be absolutely reliable. Yet the earliest signs of old age are uncertain brakes and failure to answer quickly to the wheel. What adds to the danger is that few owners really appreciate the limitations of their cars. At the last Used Motor Show, for instance, one car was submitted in what its owner quite honestly believed to be "perfect running order." In accordance with the regulations, this car was overhauled by an expert, who, in less than ten minutes, had discovered so many major faults that he had no hesitation in condemning it as being too dangerous to drive at all.

***

EVERY ship must at regular intervals be certified seaworthy. Every aeroplane, whether publicly or privately owned, must annually pass searching tests. A motor car may remain on the road until the last nut has been shaken loose. It is time we copied American methods of organised destruction of worn-out cars. In the United States old or unsafe vehicles are actually bought by the makers at prices ranging from £5 to as much as £10 merely to be destroyed. In some States government officials may order a car to be destroyed, just as over here the sanitary authorities may order the demolition of a dangerous building. Sometimes the cars are burned on vast funeral pyres. Sometimes they are returned to the makers. Car destruction is as much a business as pulling down old houses. And just as the house-breaker is able to sell almost all his scrap, so, too, motor manufacturers recoup themselves by salvaging enormous quantities of material from the cars that are wrecked.

***

THE Ford Company, for example, has a works specially fitted up for dismantling old cars. Any car of any make or age, provided it still has some semblance of tyres and battery, will be bought at a flat rate of about £4. Over 18,000 cars of sixty different makes have been treated in the Ford "boiling down" works. Nearly 400 are dismantled every sixteen hours. The cars are progressively stripped on moving conveyors on the most up-to-date mass destruction methods. Even the petrol and oil are saved. All scrap metal is remelted and thus once more goes into the construction of new vehicles.

***

WHOLE panes of glass are used in the windows of the Ford factories. Floor boards make packing crates. Old cloth upholstery is used on polishing wheels in the factories, and workmen's aprons are made of the old leather upholstery. If the tyres are in good repair, they are sold second-hand; if they are perished they are stripped and sold as old rubber. The engines are cut away from the chassis with oxygen torches, washed free of grease and oil, and then

(*continued on page* x)

The interior of a Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" Thrupp and Maberly Saloon supplied to the order of the Maharaja of Kalahandi. The rear interior of the body is upholstered in tapestry, special hand-painted panels being fitted to the waist rails in both the front and rear compartments

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*33-180 h.p. Chassis	£1425	*38-250 h.p. Long Ch.	£1985

8-CYL. MODELS.

32-90 h.p. Chassis	£795	*45-280 h.p. Chassis	£2185

**Indicates supercharged model.*

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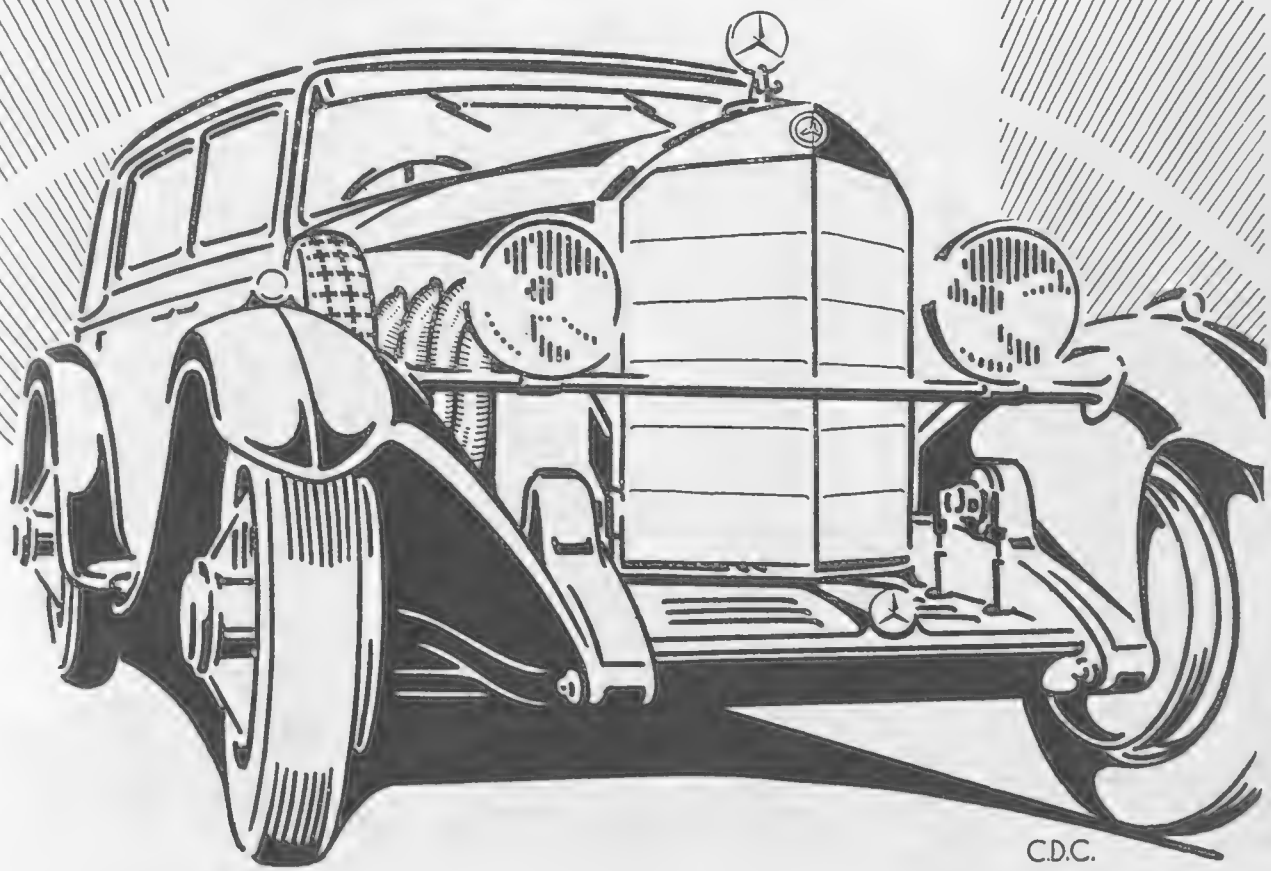


C.D.C.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

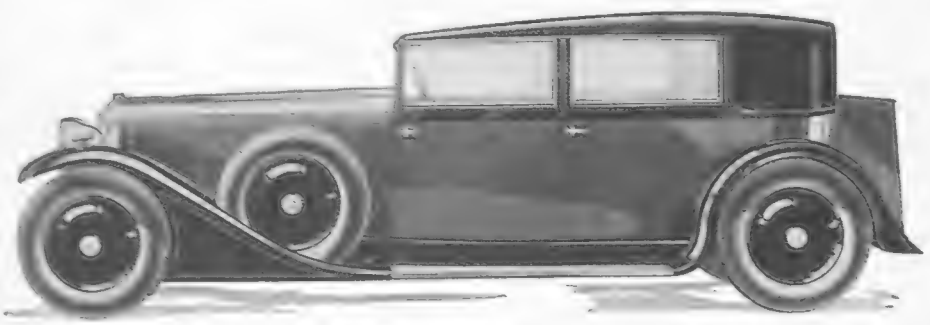
smashed by specially designed presses which segregate the parts according to the metal each contains. The same multiple screw presses which once tightened the bolts now work in reverse and undo them. Finally, what is left of the chassis is smashed like matchwood under a 22-ton press and returned to the furnaces to be remelted. Although we have no such accumulation of old cars in this country as exists in America, the situation is serious enough to engage the close study of our manufacturers and dealers. We have already learned from America how to mass-produce cars. It is about time we learned how to massacre them.

New Programmes

MANY more programmes have been announced during the past week, and heading the list is that of the Rolls-Royce Co. Following their success with the 20-25 h.p. model and the 40-50 h.p. "Phantom II," introduced last year, the Rolls-Royce people are retaining these two types during the coming year, with only very slight modifications and at the same prices. Two changes of interest on the 20-25 h.p. are an increase in the rake of the steering wheel and a longer wheelbase.

***

PRICES of the Riley Nine remain unaltered for 1931, but certain reductions have been made in the six-cylinder range. All Riley bodies are now constructed on the Weymann principle, and are this year roomier than before. An attractive new radiator is now fitted and all external bright parts are of stainless steel. Conveniently grouped chassis lubrication points, and finger-tip control, are important new features. A new model, the Alpine Six, has been added to the six-cylinder range. This has the same engine as the other Sixes, but a slightly shorter wheelbase.



One of the fine bodies on the new 30/40 h.p. Double-Six Daimler. The chassis is equipped with hydraulic clutch and self-changing gear

IN addition to the 25 h.p., which remains unchanged both as regards specification and price, the Sunbeam range for 1931 will consist of modified and improved versions of the Sixteen and the Twenty at reduced prices. The engine capacity of the Sixteen has been enlarged to 2,193 c.c., and now pays a tax of £19. Another important change is the introduction of Lockheed hydraulic brakes. An entirely new engine has been fitted to the Twenty, which also has a new four-speed gear box with silent third. Numerous modifications have been made to the bodywork both on the Sixteen and the Twenty which greatly improve their appearance and comfort.

***

TWO models of special interest in the Crossley range are the 15.7 h.p. "Silver Crossley" introduced a short time ago, and a new six-wheeler cross-country chassis with a limousine body. While the design of the latter is based on that of the commercial six-wheeled chassis, it has been very largely modified to render it suitable for passenger work, and should prove particularly serviceable in out-back districts in the Colonies and the Dominions. The engine is an enlarged version of the Super Six, and by means of an auxiliary gear box eight gear ratios are available.

***

THE Minerva Company announce a new 22-28 h.p. eight-cylinder model, the existing 32-34 h.p. Six and 40 h.p. Eight being retained without change. The chassis price of the 40 h.p. has, however, been slightly increased. The new 22 h.p. eight-cylinder has a sleeve-valve engine, a four-speed gear box with silent third, Dewandre servo brakes, and thermostatically controlled radiator shutters. The limousine is priced at £950.

E. M. W.

Willys

Olympia and 1931 Programme

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NEW MODEL

THE WILLYS "PALATINE" SIX

An entirely new and distinctive British coach-built Saloon body on a six-cylinder chassis of 15·7 rating. The door panels extend to the running boards, six windows are provided, upholstery is in a new soft leather, with very heavy padding on the doors and an air of luxury and refinement in the capacious interior. Hydraulic shock absorbers, Triplex glass windscreen, wire wheels, etc., are standard - -

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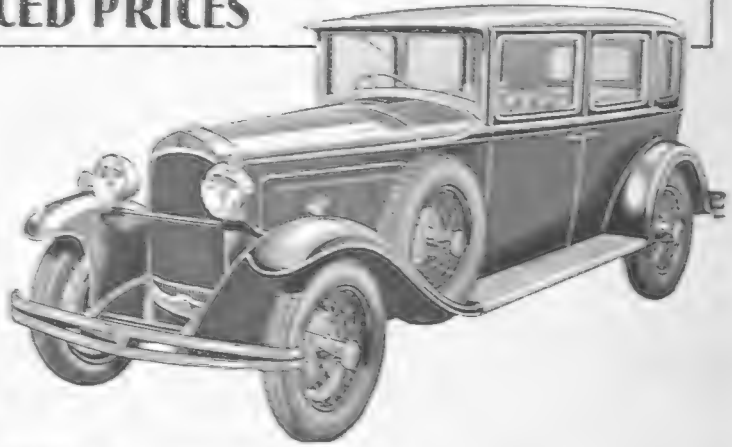

OTHER MODELS

£188

THE WILLYS WHIPPET "4." 35/40 h.p. four-cylinder engine. Low petrol and oil consumption. A powerful and reliable engine. The chassis has been improved by the addition of highly efficient internal expanding brakes in all four drums. Upholstery has been modified, increasing the luxury of the roomy interior. Four-door Saloon seats five in comfort.

WILLYS-KNIGHT 20 h.p. The advantage of the sleeve-valve principle are manifest in this model. The six-cylinder engine has a seven-bearing crankshaft. The saloon body has six windows and soft leather upholstery with a folding arm-rest in the centre of the rear seats. Five wire wheels are standard.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HUÎTRES.

CONSOMMÉ JULIENNE.

TURBOT À LA CRÈME D'ANCHOIS.

POULET À LA MARENGO.
POMMES SAUTÉES.
CELERI AU JUS.

MELON EN SURPRISE.

CROÛTES DE CAVIAR.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Turbot à la Crème d'Anchois

RUB 1 lb. of turbot through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of breadcrumbs which have been soaked in milk and drained as dry as possible, half a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, half a teacupful of thick cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mace, and a dash of cayenne. Then fold in the beaten white of four eggs, turn into a turban mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Fill the centre with green peas. Pour round the form a rich cream sauce flavoured with anchovy sauce. Serve very hot.

Poulet à la Marengo

CUT up a chicken into joints and cook it in olive oil and a little salt; put in the legs before the other pieces, as they take longer to cook. When a good colour and nearly done, add a bouquet of mixed herbs, pepper, a dozen mushrooms, and some slices of truffles; place the chicken on a dish, and add some oil drop by drop to some Italian sauce, stirring the whole time; when warm, pour over the chicken and garnish with sippets of fried bread; then squeeze a little lemon over all.

Planet News

MR. WILLIAM T. BUTTERY

The chief cocktail-mixer at the Berke'ey, who won the contest held at the International Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Club in Dean Street, W. The contest took six hours, and fourteen hundred cocktails were consumed in that time

Celeri au Jus

PARBOIL some celery, drain it, and put it into a stewpan; toss it in a little oil. Add some good meat gravy to it and a tomato. Simmer till the celery is quite cooked; then strain the sauce and serve over it.

Melon en Surprise

CUT off the top of a melon, scoop out the contents carefully, remove the seeds and pith, and cut the fruit into small pieces. Meanwhile stand the melon itself on ice. Marinade or soak the fruit for an hour or so in a little liqueur syrup, lemon juice and castor sugar, then place it back in the melon with some whipped cream, replace the top, again stand on ice till perfectly cold, then serve.

Pineapple can be treated in exactly the same way.

Croûtes de Caviar

CUT some pieces of bread half an inch thick and one inch wide, hollow out from the centre a little piece and fry a nice golden brown, then fill up with caviar flavour with a little lemon, butter, and a dust of Nepaul pepper; put them in the oven and serve very hot.

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The mellow flavour and captivating bouquet of Castillon make it a worthy ally to toast the success of a game. In this fine Cognac are all the qualities which distinguish the products of the Cognac district—Brandy at its very best.

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Willing C.C. 37

Throat dry and sore?

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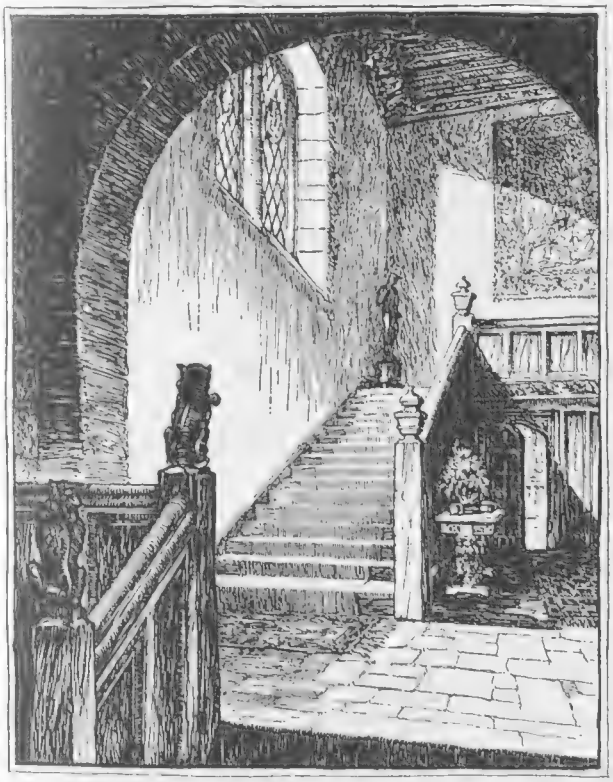

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

SIR LANDON RONALD

The famous conductor and composer, who has joined the Board of "His Master's Voice"

Sir Landon Ronald Joins Board of "His Master's Voice"

The directors of the Gramophone Company, Ltd. ("His Master's Voice") announce the acceptance by Sir Landon Ronald, principal of the Guildhall School of Music, conductor and composer, of their invitation to join the Board of Directors. The appointment is a particularly fitting one, because Sir Landon Ronald joined the Gramophone Company in its very earliest days. He has for thirty-three years been one of the leading enthusiasts for the gramophone as an important means of musical education. So convinced has he always been of the gramophone importance that in 1910, when he became principal of the Guildhall School of Music, he introduced the gramophone as a definite adjunct to the teaching. Through Sir Landon Ronald's hands have passed at least 30 per cent. of the leading young artists who are to-day heard from the English concert platform and over the wireless. It is a happy coincidence that from these very artists whose training has been helped by the gramophone, "His Master's Voice" now looks for some of its recording talent. Of the three hundred songs he has composed, Sir Landon is best known by his two gems, "Down in the Forest" and "O, Lovely Night." He has conducted many of the leading European orchestras, including his own New Symphony Orchestra, or, as it was previously called, the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra. In his direct work for the Gramophone Company Sir Landon Ronald accompanied such great singers as Melba and Patti for recording purposes.

A Novel Gift

At Scarborough, last Friday, Lord Hawke presented a handsome casket of fine chocolates to Wilfred Rhodes as a tribute to his great career in Yorkshire and All England cricket from his fellow Yorkshiremen, Messrs. Rowntree, of York. Shaped like a cricket ball, but as big as a football, the casket is made of mahogany realistically covered with leather. The chocolates in the top layer are decorated to celebrate Rhodes' unique record—1,000 runs and 100 wickets in no fewer than 16 separate seasons.

The handsome casket of Rowntree chocolates presented to Wilfred Rhodes, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, at the Scarborough Festival

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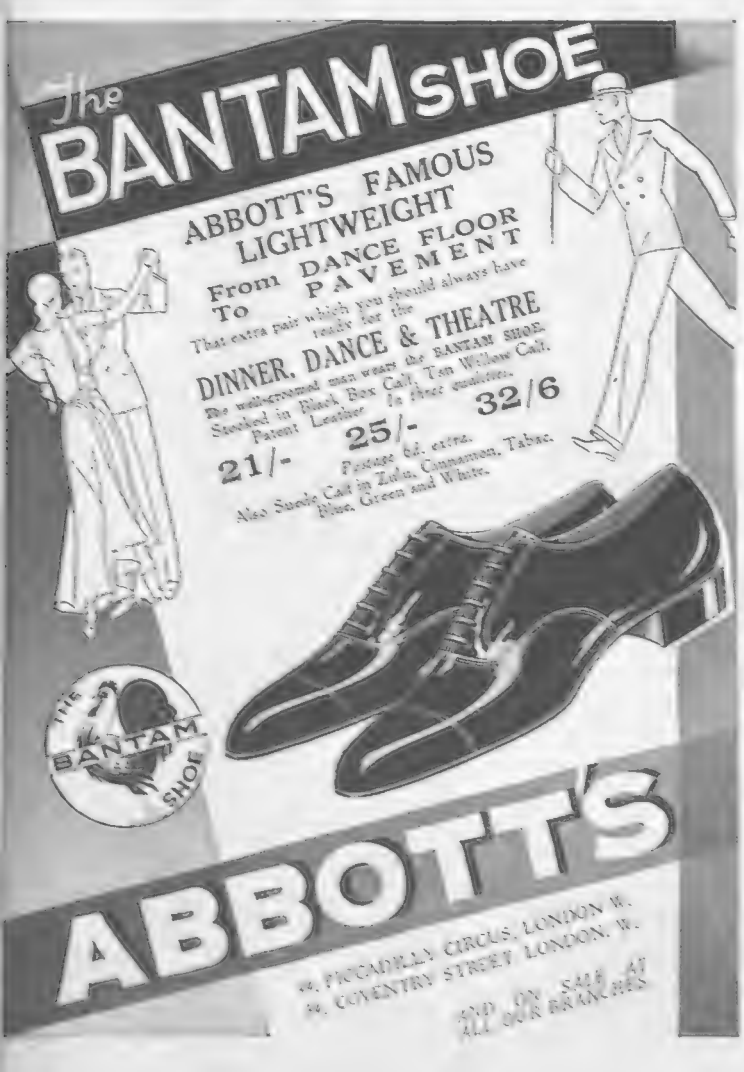

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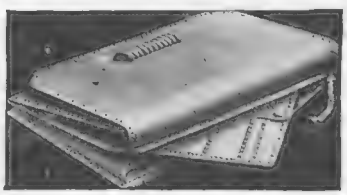

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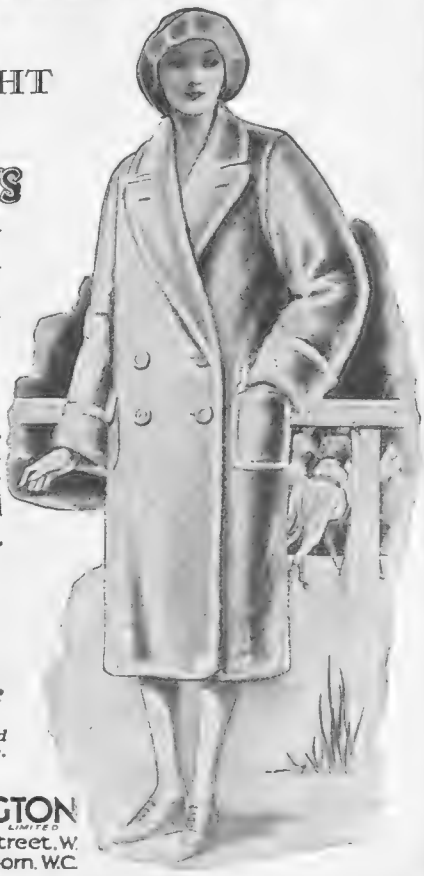

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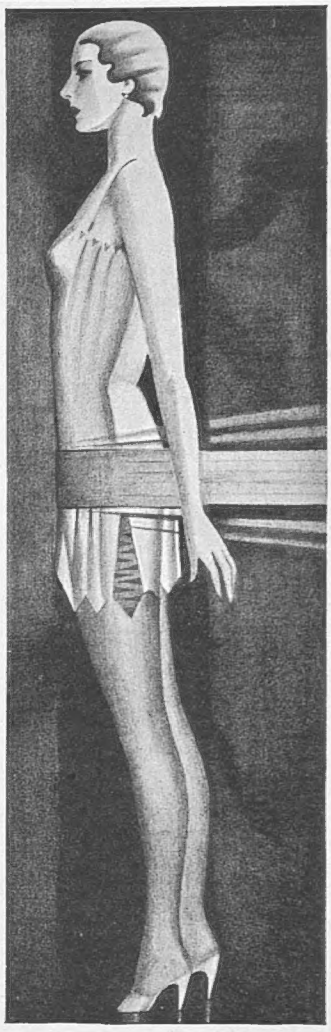

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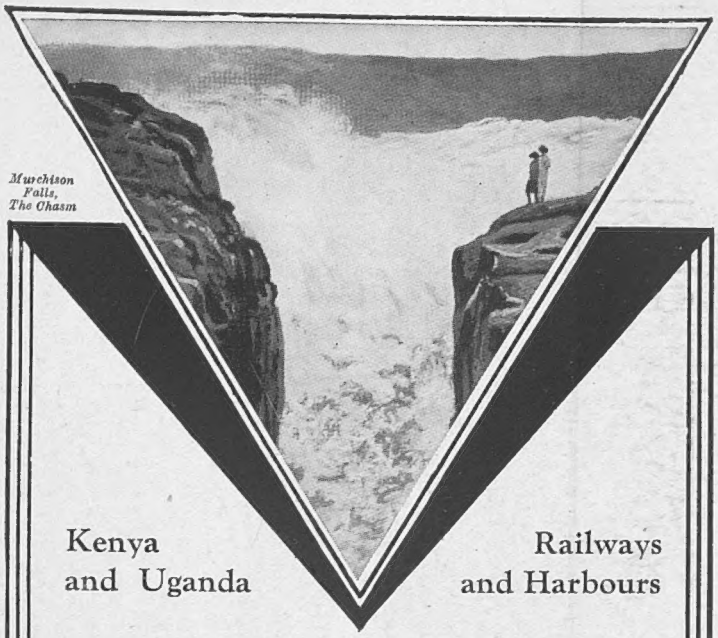

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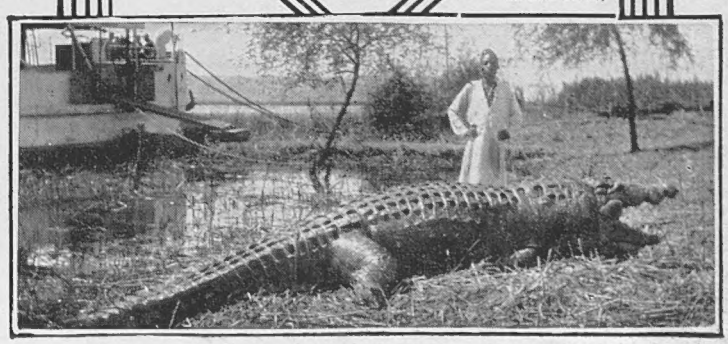

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